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GUIDING LIGHTS:
LIVES OF THE GREAT & GOOD


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GUIDING LIGHTS.





MARTIN LUTHER DISCUSSING WITH ZWINGLE.—GUIDING LIGHTS.

(*Frontispiece.*)

GUIDING LIGHTS:

LIVES OF THE GREAT AND GOOD.

BY F. E. COOKE,

AUTHOR OF 'FOOTPRINTS.'

'God's saints are shining lights: who stays
Here long must pass
O'er dark hills, swift streams, and steep ways
As smooth as glass;
.
They are indeed our pillar-fires,
Seen as we go:
They are that city's shining spires
We travel to.'

HENRY VAUGHAN, 1650.



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PREFACE.

THIS book, like its predecessor, *Footprints*, has been written with the hope that it may, to a small extent, meet an often expressed want of biographical reading for children. Its basis is that of unsectarian religion, and it aims to suggest such moral lessons and examples as the lives that have been selected may afford to the young people of the present day.



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GUIDING LIGHTS.

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

THERE is a story in verse, telling how a child one sunny day wandered on a hill-side up to a little wood, which was so dense that even the sheep, which cropped the daisies on the hill, venturing in, left their white wool upon the brambles, marking the narrow paths they trod. In the wood, squirrels cracked their nuts, and birds hopped from branch to branch, and sang and built their nests and laid their eggs with no fear of a disturbing passer-by. From the hill-side, far as the eye could reach, rose mountains and hill-tops shining in the sunlight, and the breeze bore sweet scents from the flowers over which it blew.

But children love to venture on new ways. It was straight walking on the hill-side, however lovely it might be, and this little one left the open path, and forced her way through the brambles, creeping deep into the wood, pressing aside branches, and losing sight even of the sky in the shelter of the trees. Suddenly the sheep-track ended in an open space, where the sunlight streamed down on moss and blue bells, and the stately trees round which the ivy and wild roses climbed, formed a bower so lovely that the child stood still, filled with wonder and delight.

Resting there, she listened to the songs of blackbirds, linnets, and nightingales, and watched the shadows of the leaves upon the soft moss at her feet; and when she left the wood for the open hill-side, she thought how each day she would wander there while the summer lasted, and rest in this bower that she had found. This was the child's hope that sunny day; but from some cause, perhaps because she took the wrong turning in the wood, she never found her bower again.

Perhaps the story of the Lost Bower is all a fancy, and it may be such a child never lived. But still the meaning of the story is true, and applies to every child, to boys and girls alike.

To all of us, in youth, come bright visions and happy dreams of some future we will realize: not of a bower in which we will rest, but of some good deeds that we will do, or great worthiness we will reach. To some of us may come the hope of serving, in future years, our

country and our fellow-men; to others, of becoming wise and learned, or of lessening the sin and misery in the world, or of becoming pure and good like the saints of olden days. Sometimes in the business, care, and pleasures of life which come upon us afterwards, we lose these dreams of childhood; and in old age, look back with sorrow and wonder to the visions we had when we were young, and grieve for the contrasts we have become. These dreams of future usefulness and worth are really thoughts sent by God. It is for us to keep and cherish them, and we shall find they never deceive.

The great and noble men and women of the world have listened to these whispers and obeyed them. It is good to read their stories, and see how the visions they had in childhood have been realized by them in later life.

Far away from England, in Italy, in a beautiful plain, through which the river Arno flows, lies the city of Florence. It is an ancient city, with rambling, narrow streets; grand domes and spires, and wonderful buildings, centuries old, surrounded by solid, broad stone walls. From them a wide view may be obtained of the windings of the river-banks, and the inhabitants of Florence may watch the shadows chase each other across the plain, and listen to the music borne to them on the wind from the bell-towers of their beautiful city. Hills covered with cypress, vines, and orange trees rise up behind the town; and in the distance, mountain-summits shut in the view, while far in the west the

ridges of Carrara rise against the sky, reminding the people of Florence where the great quarries lie from which the marble comes of which their towers and palaces are built.

Four centuries ago, on March 6, 1474, Michael Angelo Buonarotti, one of the men who made Florence famous, and whose story you are going to read, was born in the fortress of Caprese, of which his father was governor for that year. The family was of noble descent, and of this little baby it was said that, apart from his high birth, he would make a name for himself, and be celebrated for his deeds in the world.

In these days of which we are reading, little was known of astronomy. The laws guiding the regular movements of the planets were undiscovered; and wondering men used to gaze upon them, and fancy they could read in their journeyings and their approaches to each other, prophecies of the future destiny of human beings. These star-gazers were called astrologers. To them the moon and stars spoke little of the glory and wisdom of God; and the earthly schemes and promises they thought they gained from them, seem very strange to us in these modern times.

So it was that when Michael Angelo was born, two of the planets, Venus and Mars, seemed to the astrologers to foretell the boy's great career; and his name, meaning Michael the Angel, was given to him, perhaps in the hope that he would really prove to be the wondrous celestial being they foretold.

In a year's time, the father's term of office as gover-

nor of the castle expired; and Lorenzo Buonarotti went back with his family to the pretty villa which was their home, about three miles from Florence. Built all round this villa was an open gallery with which the rooms communicated; and from this gallery one looked down upon vineyards, where the peasants in their picturesque dresses worked to train the young vine-shoots, or pick the ripened grapes.

It was a custom in Italy to find a nurse, or foster-mother as she was called, who should take care of the early years of a young child born among the higher ranks, and bring it up amid the wholesome country influences in which her own poorer children were reared. The hills round this pretty villa were rich in quarries, and the country people lived by hewing the stone which was afterwards to be used for statue and building purposes. A poor stone-mason's wife took charge of Michael Angelo, and he gained strength and health by the breezes from the hills, as he played among the rocks in the constant open-air life which he enjoyed with the hardy children of the quarrymen.

Often in later life, Michael Angelo used smilingly to say that his love for sculpture, and his skill in carving marble, came to him in his earliest years with the love he bore his foster-mother and the scenes of babyhood. Great truths are sometimes spoken in jest; and perhaps this man, wise in the experience of life as well as in art, had a deeper meaning in his speech, and suggested the great truth, that the little ones around us are always drinking in with their baby-life daily lessons and ten-

dencies of future character from our ways, of which we sometimes little think. Those who study the subject of the growth and unfolding of human life, tell us that long before speech is gained by a child, character is growing, and the observing faculties are awake. It was well for the stone-mason's home if the little angel Michael gained there the first love of art with which he made the world so rich; and well for all our homes, if we remember the little angels in our midst, and give them only true and good examples which shall bear fruit in later years.

Michael Angelo's father was not a rich man, and he had many sons. He placed some with silk-weavers, and others with woollen-weavers, to learn their trades and earn livings for themselves. But as Michael grew up, his father, bearing in mind the prophecies of the astrologers, sent him to the Grammar School in Florence, hoping that he would be the learned man of the family, and grow rich and renowned by the labour of his brain instead of his hands. Michael Angelo did grow learned, but not in the manner in which his father hoped.

Very early came to him the visions and the heavenly whispers about which we have spoken. These whispers did not lead him to the Grammar School. God gives us different characters and different aims in life, and our usefulness and worth depend upon our obeying these different calls. To some of us He gives strength of limb and health of body, and such may serve him by the hard work they do; by the bricks they make or

the roads they form, the houses they build and the comforts they give, and services they do to their fellow-beings who are employed in other ways. To others of us He gives skill or wealth, and they may serve Him then by their inventions and discoveries, and by providing means to bring these into use. To others He gives knowledge, and they may serve Him by teaching their fellow-men what they have learned, and making them wiser and better. To others, again, He gives talents and genius and a love of beauty, and such may serve Him by showing that this life is not only for hard work and ceaseless toil and money-getting: that there is a love of beauty in every soul which unites it to God and heavenly things; and that this beauty which is so enjoyable in music and paintings, is to make our earthly life better and purer, and more like the heavenly life to which we tend.

This was the lesson Michael Angelo was to teach the world. He was to give fresh courage to the many artists who were striving after beauty; to show them where they failed in their best attempts, and to teach them they must follow art for the love of God and for the love of beauty, and not for the hope of fame or for the sake of wealth which they might gain.

Of course, these grand hopes did not fill Michael Angelo's heart when he was a young boy. Only the dawnings of them visited him then; the full daylight would come if he faithfully followed each little glimmer of light which he received. So it was that the school-life could not satisfy him, and all his vacant hours were

filled with attempts to draw. On holidays and summer evenings the little fellow used to be found with pencil and paper, or with soft clay, copying the objects round about him.

'Is this the right occupation for one of noble birth?' his friends used to ask each other angrily; and the boy received many a scolding from those who feared this childish love of art would increase with his growth, and might even become the employment of his life. They did not think of an artist as of one whose work made earth happier and better and more beautiful. In their view, such occupation was lowering and unworthy of the boy of whom great things had been foretold. For a time they forbade him ever to use a pencil; but observing that his spirits drooped, and that holidays ceased to have a charm for him, they saw the folly of this command; and while he still continued to work at the Grammar School, his friends allowed him to spend his spare hours as he chose. They could only hope he would tire of his present fancy.

Now it happened that Michael Angelo had a companion in Florence, three years younger than himself, named Francesco, or as we should say, Francis Granacci. He too loved drawing more than any other employment, and his friends, discovering this, thought it the wisest course to allow him to devote his life to the study of art, that he might have a chance to do some one thing well.

Francesco, so happy himself, felt very sorry for Michael, when he saw him drawing at odd moments by

himself, with no help and no sympathy, persevering day after day, and making fresh attempts, unconquered by many failures. He longed to help him by every means in his power, and to give him some of the opportunities which came in his own way. So he lent him colours and pencils and copies to draw from, and took him to the churches and public buildings in Florence, where beautiful pictures and statues were to be seen. Often the two young boys might have been observed gazing together at some sculptured saint or wonderful picture, and pointing out in whispered tones the beauties which it seemed strange such little ones could see.

One day Francesco brought for Michael Angelo to copy, a strange old engraving that had been lately sent to Florence. It was called the 'Temptations of St. Anthony,' and the artist had represented the old monk as surrounded by strange monsters and demons, as if the evil thoughts and desires which visited him sometimes had really taken horrible outward shape. Some of these figures had scales like the scales of fish; and to fit himself for the task of copying them correctly, Michael Angelo made many journeys to the fish-market in Florence, and sat there in the noise and bustle, drawing with great pains and care the scales and eyes of fish as they lay in baskets near him. Before he was satisfied, he made two copies of this strange picture.

Sometimes we are apt to think that great men owe their skill and fame to genius and inspiration only, and we do not bear in mind the many hours of toil, and the

untiring perseverance, which have helped to make them what they are. A story is told that, when Michael Angelo had become a famous sculptor, he remarked to a friend who wondered at the length of time he took in finishing a statue: 'Recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle.'

It was this feeling that made him so persevering and painstaking when a boy. Remembering this, you will be less surprised to hear a story that is told of one of his drawings while he was still a boy. Francesco brought him one day an old picture, discoloured with age, which his master had lent him. Michael copied it exactly, and to make his copy similar in colour, he smoked it. Francesco took the two drawings to his master; and the laughter of a companion in the secret only told the master of the joke which had been played.

Francesco's master was known in Florence as Domenicho Ghirlandajo. This was not his real surname. It means 'a garland,' and was given to him because, in his pictures, he was apt to place garlands round his children's heads. Ghirlandajo was a young man of thirty years of age, but already celebrated; and he and his brother David were known as clever teachers; and their studio was filled with students who came to Florence to learn all that they could teach them.

'Perhaps,' thought Francesco one day, 'Ghirlandajo, who is so anxious for the success of his pupils, would help Michael Angelo. He shall see him and learn how clever he is, and how he loves the art which Ghir-

landajo loves.' So he brought Michael Angelo to his master, and by some means, perhaps from the advice of Ghirlandajo, Michael Angelo's father learned the real talent of the boy, gave up the hope that he would be a learned man, and apprenticed him for three years to these brother artists. It was arranged that Michael Angelo should 'live with them to learn the theory and practice of painting, and to fulfil their just commands.'

One peculiar part of this agreement was, that, although customary for the pupil to pay the master a fee, in this case the boy was to receive payment: a proof that his talents were considered to be far above the average. A memorandum made by his father has been preserved, and is as follows: 'This day, April 16th, Michael Angelo received two golden florins in gold.' At this time Michael was fourteen years of age.

You can fancy that it was a pleasure to the boy to take home his first earnings, as his brothers had all done; to be able to give promise that his profession which he had entered and loved so much, would not be so totally without pecuniary rewards as his friends had foretold; but still more you can fancy the joy and feeling that he had entered on the kind of life for which he was fitted.

Many beautiful pictures by Ghirlandajo are to be seen in Florence. One church, which he dearly loved, is full of them. Some of his pupils, and Michael Angelo among the rest, were employed in this church copying the designs which their master gave them to ornament its walls. Two or three times Michael

Angelo astonished Ghirlandajo and his fellow-students by the wonderful drawings which he made. One day Ghirlandajo left the church for a time, and on his return was amazed to find a clever drawing which Michael Angelo had made of the artists working in the church, and the scaffoldings, and desks, and pictures, and he exclaimed aloud: 'This youth already knows more of art than I do myself!'

This was the kind of boyhood which the great painter Michael Angelo spent. His statues and pictures are the wonder of the world, and beautify the churches where the Italian people pray. His poems, too, have brought great and good thoughts to many thirsty souls. The world is far richer for the days he spent on earth: for, besides these works which he left behind him, the memory of a noble life abides; the memory of one who loved beauty for the sake of God and for its own sake, and not for the sake of fame and praise of men.

The boyhood of such a man must have been earnest and persevering. If there were no records of it, we should be sure of this; and it is no surprise to read of the hard work and diligent study given to trifles and details which must always be the foundation of success in any undertaking.

We can fancy this boy giving all his time, without rest or holidays, to his work. On bright sunny days, when other children played in the fields and vineyards round Florence, or holiday-makers feasted their eyes on the distant mountains, he sat in the hot, close studio,

or wended his way to the noisy market to study the forms of animals, or painted in the church at Florence till he was ready to sleep from weariness.

Probably, however, there were few happier boys in Florence than Michael Angelo. Work brings happiness with it; and it is so ordained that our idle hours bring with them discontent. Michael Angelo was making the most of the powers and time that God had given him. His family, whom he dearly loved, had consented to this kind of life for him, and delighted in his success. The friendship and sympathy of his dear friend Francesco Granacci was a constant pleasure to him. The two boys used to talk of the art they loved, and to encourage each other in thinking of the great hopes and work which lay waiting for them in the future. Michael Angelo owed very much to this boy. Granacci's name is little known now, and he painted few pictures. Perhaps his greatest and best work was in helping Michael Angelo to become an artist; in sympathizing with him, sending him copies, showing him grand pictures, and sharing with him the opportunities which he himself enjoyed.

How much better and happier the world would be, if, like these Florentine friends, companions tried to help and raise each other! There would be less quarrelling among boys, and drinking and evil-doing of all sorts among men. Girls and women, too, would make brighter and happier homes; and there would be more honesty in business, better work in factories, less idleness at school, and more earnestness in the lives of

grown-up people. Surely we should bring this good time nearer, if we bore in mind that right example and a love of beauty and truth do not act only on ourselves, but influence all around us; and that by our words and deeds we either may help to raise the world a little nearer God, or help to sink it deeper into sin.

So far, Michael Angelo had painted pictures; but he had not begun to carve marble into the wonderful statues which he afterwards formed. This new work was to come to him; but before you can learn how he was led to it, it will be needful to know a little of the history of Florence, and of the great Duke her governor, who was the means of giving Michael Angelo future help in his studio.

Many years before the time about which we are reading, the city had been disturbed by violent quarrels between her nobles and her common people, the Guelfs and Ghibellines, as they were called. Fierce battles were frequent, and in the open day bands of proud nobles meeting the citizens whom their haughty, overbearing manner enraged, quarrels ensued, and it was said that the streets flowed with blood. At length the people threw off the dominion of the nobles, gained the government of the city, and for a long time any noble who would have any share or interest in the affairs of the State was obliged to resign his claim to rank, and enrol his name in the plebeian order.

Now among those nobles who obeyed this command were the Medici, an ancient family in Florence, who, however, loved power more than they loved their ancient

name and descent. This family had acquired great wealth, which became useful to the poorer citizens of Florence to help them in their commerce and industrial undertakings. By degrees, the influence of their wealth and of their character made itself more felt; and so it happened that very gradually the Medici gained power in Florence, and Cosmo de Medici, the head of the family, became leader of the people and chief of the Republic of Florence.

He used his great wealth to found libraries, and to build palaces and beautify the city. His son, and afterwards his grandson, Lorenzo de Medici, succeeded him; and the latter gained the name of the Magnificent, because of the splendour with which he continued, like his grandfather, to adorn Florence, and to display the wealth and treasures of all kinds which he possessed.

Lorenzo had some difficulties to contend against. He had become almost a king over the liberty-loving people of Florence, and once or twice they rebelled against his rule, and, aided by envious foreign powers, even sought his death.

At the time when Michael Angelo was a boy in Florence, the power of Lorenzo the Magnificent was at its height. Lorenzo loved art. He spent his life in making Florence beautiful, and his money in encouraging artists and learned men; but for all this, Florence was not wholly blessed by him. You must picture the Florentines at this time, in the midst of all the beauty around them, as a people given up to amusement and

revelry, with little thought of God, or of the real earnestness and duty of life. Lorenzo constantly planned fresh schemes for their amusement and delight; festivals and shows to keep the people in good humour; and processions, in which he himself took part. At such times, he and his Court traversed the city through the night with torch-bearers and musicians, and awakened the quiet old streets with evil songs; while the excited people, pressing up from all quarters, followed in the ranks, and their voices swelled the sound which Florence echoed till the morning broke.

This was a sad state for any people to be in; and yet Florence was full of churches and convents and priests. Where was the religion of which these surely were the signs? Florence was only like many another town in that fifteenth century. The Roman Catholic Church had fallen away from its early love of God. Long services were held, chants and hymns were sung, offerings made and pilgrimages enforced in praise of God; but pope and priests and people had forgotten that we serve Him best when we try to do His will; and it was thought a wicked life could be atoned for by paying money to increase the riches of the Church.

You may have heard of the Reformers, such as Wickliff and John Huss, who by this time, in England and Germany, had spoken so bravely against the wickedness of the Church. Luther, the chief reformer, was yet to come, and the great reform which he was to bring into the Church was still to be set on foot. Meanwhile the evil grew and spread; and, to return to Florence, you

will not wonder to hear that in that city the pope and priests had greatly lost their power. People who do not try to do the will of God, soon lose the wish to love and worship Him. A society of men gained great influence in Florence, who found their highest thoughts and greatest help in the writings of the old Greek philosophers and ancient wise men who lived long before the birth of Christ. Now there are many noble ideas to be gained from these writings; but it is sad that men should ever be quite satisfied with them, instead of seeking the knowledge of God and far higher faith which Jesus Christ came to teach.

Artists in Florence felt the influence of the 'Platonists,' as these men were called; and their thoughts were turned towards picturing only the legends and myths of ancient Greece and Rome; while they ceased to care to remind the world by their paintings of the stories of Christ and His apostles, and of the noble lives of Christian heroes, and the faces and forms of the martyrs and saints of old.

If Lorenzo had been a true and right leader for his people, Florence would have been a nobler city than it was; but we must be fair to his memory, and remember that, though the liberty of a free, religious people is really the greatest help and encouragement to art, yet the wealth and support of a generous man is of great avail, and Michael Angelo and many another youth at this time owed much to the aid Lorenzo gave.

One day a message came from Lorenzo into Ghirlandajo's quiet studio. For months past the people of

Florence had watched the making of a sunny garden adorned with sculpture and courts full of precious casts and ancient statues, and now the duke told its use. He wished, so said the message, to encourage sculpture in Florence as well as painting; and if Ghirlandajo had any pupils who wished for this kind of study, and who would be likely to do honour to Florence, he might send them to copy the art-treasures in the garden he had made.

The two friends Michael Angelo and Francesco Granacci were chosen, and daily they studied together in the garden, and became friendly also with another boy named Torrignano, whom they found at work upon some figures in red clay.

It was a great and happy day for Michael Angelo when he finished his first study in the garden. He had never before tried to carve marble or to use a sculptor's tools, and had chosen the head of a faun; and with the care and perseverance he always showed, he had copied it exactly, with the exception of the mouth, which he cleverly opened wider, to make the face look as if it were full of merriment. Lorenzo, in his morning walk, passed by, and stopped, as he often did, to give a glance of encouragement to the boy who never idled, and who seemed so grateful for a passing word. Lorenzo was amazed at the talent which Michael showed in this copy; but said in joke, 'You should have remembered that old folks never keep all their teeth, some are always wanting,' and pointed at the perfect teeth which the open mouth of the faun displayed.

Michael Angelo, full of love and respect for one to whom he owed so much, thought him in earnest; and by the time Lorenzo returned along the walk, had spoiled the fair row of teeth, broken one out, and filled the gum up as if old age had caused it to fall out.

History only tells us that from this time Lorenzo determined that he would help Michael Angelo by every means in his power. I think we can guess what caused him to form this resolution. It was not only because the faun's head which the boy had carved was perfect; it was because he had shown something better than genius; he had shown that he would not be satisfied with anything less than perfection; that, however good his work might be, if it had a single flaw, he must mend it; and he had shown also, that he was willing and anxious to be helped. Such a spirit as this gives the greatest promise for any human being; for the work of younger ones at school, and of older ones in life, and for the growing strength of all in reaching up to the better life of God, and to the help and spirit He alone can give.

Lorenzo sent for the father of Michael Angelo, and asked him to entrust his son to him to be brought up as one of his own family, to sit at his table, and to enjoy the many opportunities of studying art which a life in the palace could give him. 'And for yourself,' he asked the old man, 'what can I do for you? Look round you in Florence, and if any wish occurs to you, you may command me to the greatest extent of my power.'

Ludovico Buonarotti answered that he had hitherto always lived on his own slender income, using and increasing gradually the possessions left him by his ancestors. But he had heard lately of a vacant office in the Custom House of Florence, and if it were thought well, he should be glad to be chosen to fill the place.

Lorenzo laughed: 'You are destined to be a poor man,' he said. 'I thought you would have asked for something better worth your acceptance; but until something better presents itself, it is at your service.' We are told that Michael Angelo had a violet mantle given to him, a seat at Lorenzo's table among his sons, and a room in the palace.

But the happy days in the garden with Granacci were not yet ended. Still Michael Angelo studied there, always early at his work in the morning, and always careful of the tools and statues lent to him. On account of his trustworthiness, he was at last chosen guardian of the treasures which this garden held; the keys were given to him, and every night and morning he locked and unlocked it for the artists, and lent out to them the casts and statues which they wished to copy.

Torrignano, the boy whom Michael Angelo and Francesco had found there on their first arrival, was still among the students who frequented the garden, and had become intimate with the two friends, as people are apt to become intimate who meet each other, and are engaged in the same interests every day. It is sad to tell that Torrignano, far from rejoicing in the talent and

industry of Michael Angelo, grew jealous of it, and of the favour which Lorenzo showed him; and a terrible consequence came of his yielding to those wicked feelings.

It is always better, if possible, to forget the weaknesses and faults of any human being. Our earthly life is but a tiny part of the immortality before us; and the sins which cling about us here will be at last outgrown and laid aside in the eternal life which waits us all. But in this case, the jealousy of Torrignano affected Michael Angelo very closely, and the story of his life would be incomplete if it were left untold. It must often have grieved Michael to see that his success only caused pain to his companion; and often Torrignano's angry looks and words must have marred his delight, but one day, Torrignano's passion gained the mastery, and springing at Michael Angelo, he struck him so violently in the face that his nose was crushed and broken, and he bore the mark of the blow for life. Michael was carried to the palace, and by order of Lorenzo, Torrignano was banished from Florence. This was a dreadful ending to the intercourse of the boys in that sunny, peaceful garden. Years afterwards, during his exile in a foreign land, Torrignano told the story of this blow, and of the change a moment's passion had wrought in his whole life. But if the general spirit of his life had been right and good, that passionate moment never would have come; and because the general spirit of his life was wrong, other passionate moments followed that one, and his history is the history of a

wrong and wasted life. He spent some years in England, and while there he carved a statue of our King, Henry VII., which is still in Westminster Abbey. His most beautiful work, however, was a statue of the Virgin Mary and the Child Jesus. Meeting with some disappointment about its sale, in a fit of ungoverned rage he shattered it to pieces with the mallet in his hand; and his passionate life was ended shortly after by a terrible and violent death.

This was the end of Torrignano. As regards Michael Angelo, the beauty of his face was gone; but I think in his search after a truer and more enduring beauty, he forgot to mourn for that; and I think that his friends cared little also, knowing and loving the beauty of his soul.

No one can become really and truly what God means him to become, unless his whole being is cultivated. Michael Angelo was to be more than a sculptor, and his life in Lorenzo's palace educated the other parts of his nature. There he met with poets and learned men, and made friends who influenced him and led him to the love of books as well as of statues and paintings. One of these friends was Politian, a learned man who had been helped to his learning by Lorenzo, and now taught Lorenzo's sons. He and Lorenzo were dear companions, and spent much time together; and Politian took charge of the precious gems and papers of which the palace libraries were full.

In addition to Politian, Michael Angelo had another friend, a prince named Pico, who had fled from Rome

and the pope's anger on account of his religious views, and taken refuge in Florence. Lorenzo built for him a villa on the slopes of the hill Fiesole, and from here he looked down upon forests and upon the shining roofs and domes of Florence, and studied the Bible, and thought out his holy thoughts in peace. Here Politian and Michael Angelo used to meet and read and talk with Pico. From this quiet villa the young artist used to love to gaze upon the changing beauties of the hills, and on the glorious sunsets, which bathed the distant plain in golden light. At such times, their talk often turned upon a man who even more than Politian or Pico was to influence Michael Angelo, and who was then beginning to cause great excitement among the people of Florence.

Seven years before this time, when Michael Angelo was still a little boy of nine years old, learning at the Grammar School, a monk had preached two or three times in one of the churches of Florence. Each time he had gone back to his convent in a neighbouring city disheartened, with the knowledge that his stammering words had made little impression on his hearers. Prince Pico after those visits chanced to hear him again, however; but this time it was with no hesitating speech, but with bold earnestness, that the monk warned the people who listened to him of the wickedness in which they were living. The prince returned home, and begged Lorenzo, who had brought so many famous men to Florence, to invite this wonderful preacher there also. Glad to oblige Pico and to increase the fame of his

city, Lorenzo agreed, and in 1490 Savonarola entered the great Convent of St. Mark in Florence. There he was appointed teacher to the novices, as youths were called when they first entered the convent. But the same earnest spirit and longing to do God's work which had changed him, once so timid, into a bold preacher, made itself felt wherever he was placed, and the older monks flocked with the novices to listen to his words. Before long, those outside the convent begged to be taught by him, and pressed up to the convent walls, while Savonarola, from amid roses in the convent garden, uttered new warnings of the sinful ways of the Court and people of Florence.

'Can this be the same man,' they cried, 'who stuttered here before?' He was soon made Prior of St. Mark's Convent, and his influence increased every day both there and in the city. No convent wall could be his pulpit now; even the cathedral could not hold his hearers. They climbed up to the windows and held on to the pillars; wherever a man could cling, there the people pressed. Tradesmen closed their shops till his preaching hour was over; and peasants from far villages left their quarries and vineyards to hear the great monk preach. Summer and winter, in heat and snow, the front of St. Mark was thronged, and a change came gradually over the life and morals of the people to whom he preached.

This was the great desire of Savonarola's heart. Years before, shocked by the wickedness of the world, he had entered the convent walls expecting to find purity

and goodness among the monks. But, to his grief, he found that the same sin from which he fled had entered there, and he determined to spend his life in preaching to sinful men, and in trying to lead them right instead of seeking a refuge for himself. He was not content, however, with seeing great crowds thronging to hear his words; with hearing their sobs and sighs, and observing earnest, tearful faces upraised to his own. He knew this excitement would pass away. The question with him was, Would their penitence last? Did his hearers lead better lives at home? Was there less drunkenness and quarrelling, and were there fewer bad words spoken in Florence? Were they reformed in deed as well as in word?

Savonarola taught the monks of St. Mark; but he remembered also the ignorant little children in the streets of Florence. He gathered them into schools and had them taught, and wrote simple hymns for them, which they sang to well-known tunes. All this work was done by Savonarola for the love of God. He had not even a passing thought as to the praise or blame of men. When he spoke, as he often did, against the vices of the Court of Florence, and Lorenzo sent messengers to beg him to be more careful, and to remember that he might endanger the peace of the city, Savonarola had no fear of the displeasure of the great man who had made him Prior of St. Mark. He answered: 'Tell Lorenzo that he is a Florentine, and the head of the Republic, whereas I am only a stranger and a poor monk; but entreat him in my name to repent of his

errors, for calamities from on high impend over him and his family.'

Michael Angelo and Granacci used to mingle with the crowds that listened to Savonarola; and the preacher had something to say to the young artists who were so numerous in Florence. He told them that a religious spirit, must be brought into every work in life, that the art which they loved and lived for might be full of God's spirit, and followed for His sake. He told them that the Christian faith was far more beautiful than any fables of Greek or Roman gods, and that the inspiration and power to become a really great artist must come from God alone. Probably it was owing in great measure to Savonarola's teachings that Michael Angelo's saints and holy pictures were so grand and beautiful, and that people gave him the name of the 'Divine Master,' seeing so plainly that he gained his help from God.

Now you have heard of Michael Angelo's chief friends while he was still a young man living in Lorenzo's palace. It was a rich and happy life for him, thus studying art and reading the writings of great men, talking with the learned people who frequented the Court of Florence, and often listening to the earnest religious words of such a teacher as Savonarola.

But one day, a sad day indeed to the grateful Michael, who deeply loved the great man who had been so generous to him, this happy life came suddenly to an end. Lorenzo died of fever in his country villa, and Michael Angelo returned to his father's house in the deepest grief.

Lorenzo's son, Piero, succeeded him in the government of Florence, and very soon sent for Michael Angelo to take his old place in the palace. Gratitude to Lorenzo caused him to obey the summons. He felt he must fulfil, as far as he could, the wishes of the son of one who had been so great a benefactor to him. But he could never again find his old place or home in the palace.

Piero was a very inferior man to his father, notwithstanding all the care and training of Politian. He only cared for beauty and art as they served his pleasure and amusement, not for any higher reason; and you will see the proof of this in the fact that one of his first commands to Michael Angelo was that he should spend his time and genius in making a statue of snow in the palace court-yard for the amusement of himself and his friends. He used to boast that his palace contained two wonderful men,—one, Michael Angelo the sculptor; the other, a Spanish athlete who was so swift a runner, that a fleet horse could not overtake him.

I think you will not be surprised to hear that, under this man, the Court of Florence became more wicked and impure, and Savonarola's warnings more earnest and indignant. At length, going on from bad to worse, to serve his own selfish ends, Piero promised to deliver up the city of Florence to the French King, Charles VIII., who had put forth a claim to inherit Italy. History tells us that the Italian cities, filled with rich and indolent inhabitants, fell an easy prey to the French invaders, who, entering the different towns, passed quickly on

through the land; and, as quickly satisfied with their easy conquest, led their army back to France. It was not so easily ended for Piero, however. He found himself looked upon as a traitor, and was forced to flee for his life from Florence.

Michael Angelo, as one of Piero's household, was obliged to save himself by flight; and the next thing we hear of him is as a resident in the household of Aldivrandi, one of the governors of Bologna, a city to the north of Florence, and separated from it by the Apennine Mountains. In this new home, Michael Angelo was never idle. He carved statues, some of which were to adorn this city which had given him a refuge in his flight; and he spent many hours in reading to his friend Aldivrandi the grand Italian poems he had learned to love with Prince Pico and Politian.

More than a year passed thus, and Aldivrandi pressed him to spend the rest of his life with him in Bologna. But the love Michael Angelo bore for his old home, and his sympathy with Savonarola and the people among whom he was born, made him feel that he had a greater field of work waiting for him in Florence, and that he would waste his life if he spent it any longer in this quiet resting-place.

So he took leave of Aldivrandi, and once more crossed the Apennines and entered Florence. He found the city entirely under the influence of Savonarola; and the people excited by his sermons against the vices of the pope and priests, and by his demands for the reformation of the Church and the nation. We do not

know much about the kind of life Michael Angelo led in Florence in these restless days. We may be sure, however, that it was no quiet, peaceful time of intercourse with learned men, and of happy hours spent in Pico's house, while he watched the sun setting over the broad plain. He was far too full of sympathy with Savonarola and with the people, whom the monk was teaching to govern themselves, and to be fit for liberty, for any enjoyment in such a life as that. We know that he was not idle. He carved many beautiful statues; but we can only guess at the way in which he worked to help on Savonarola's plans.

Perhaps he may have addressed the crowds in the public market-place, or in the evening assemblies which Savonarola often called together. Or perhaps he may have kept his hopeful words for the quieter chance meetings with neighbours in the streets, or on the walls of Florence. Wherever they were spoken, words from so true and earnest a man must always have had much power. Still more, the unspoken influence of such an one as Michael Angelo, who was always striving after perfection and beauty, must have been felt by people who were beginning to learn from Savonarola that there was something better worth living for than self-indulgence, idleness, and sin.

When he had spent thus a year or two in Florence, Michael Angelo received a summons to Rome from Pope Julius II. The fame of his carving had spread from Florence, and the pope was anxious to have a grand monument carved by Michael Angelo for the

adornment of his own tomb. It seems strange to us that a man should spend so much time and thought during his lifetime on the decoration of his burial-place. It was no unusual thing, however, in those days, and the carved figures of angels and holy men made beautiful the churches in which the tombs were placed. Michael Angelo was glad of this summons to Rome. It opened out to him greater chances of usefulness and progress in his art than he could have had in Florence. For this reason an artist always gladly accepted any chance offered to him of studying the works of art which Rome contained.

But, although it brought him many benefits, this life in Rome brought difficulties and trials also, and he required all the patience he possessed to bear them. The pope did not always treat him justly or generously; and sometimes obliged him to waste precious time in doing work which others should have been hired to do for him. For instance, at one time, Michael Angelo was obliged to spend eight months in the marble quarries at Carrara, superintending the quarrying out of marble for his statues, just because the pope would not spend a little of his great wealth in paying some one else to overlook the labours of the quarrymen.

We who read his history can see how his early training must have helped to prepare him for meeting with such difficulties. He had learned lessons of patience when, as a boy, he worked at the Grammar School, and waited for the help to become an artist which at one time seemed so little likely to be sent to him. He

learned patience, too, in his work at the fish-market, and in Ghirlandajo's studio, and Lorenzo's garden. But while still a young man, Michael Angelo had a great fault to fight against—that of a hasty and impetuous temper. Two or three times he gave up his work in Rome and left the city, angry at the thoughtless, unfair treatment which he received. But as he grew older, we see how he learned to bear with the annoyances in his way, and to remember that the pope meant well in the end, and to laugh off vexations that at first seemed so unbearable.

Sad news came to him from Florence in the year 1498. The brave, noble Savonarola had been burned in the city for which he had done so much; and his ashes had been thrown into the river Arno. His sermons against the sins of the Roman Catholic Church had roused great anger in the minds of certain powerful people in the Church, and with the permission of the pope's representatives in Florence, this martyrdom had taken place.

On receiving the news, Michael Angelo returned to Florence for a time. This message Savonarola left for his friends greeted him on his arrival: 'Pray for me, and tell my friends not to be discouraged at my death; but to continue stedfast in my doctrine, and to live in peace.' Florence no longer seemed to him like the same city in which he had spent his boyhood. Of course the beautiful buildings remained; and the distant mountains and winding river and wide plain were as lovely as ever; but he sadly missed Savonarola and

a day, asked him whither he was going; and he made the reply that will be remembered as long as the memory of his name lasts—'I still go to school that I may continue to learn.'

His friends in Florence, knowing his loneliness and the vexations he endured in his work, wrote pressing letters begging him to return to them and spend the end of his life in peace. For all their arguments he sent loving messages and thanks; but told them it was in vain to ask him to leave this work, which he had undertaken for the love of God. To his nephew he wrote: 'I have not yet been able to succeed in advancing the building to that point which I desire, for the want of money and men; and being old, and not having any one else to whose care I could leave the undertaking, and as I serve for the love of God in whom is all my hope, I am not willing to abandon it.'

He was able to give another proof of the love he bore for the people of Florence. Just before his death, he sent a plan for the building of a beautiful church for Florentines living in Rome. 'He was glad,' so he sent them word, 'to be occupied in his old age with things sacred, and such as were for the honour of God. It rejoiced him, too, to do something for his own people, to whom his heart was ever true.'

Finding that they could not move him from his work to find a home with them, his friends in Florence made arrangements that some one in Rome should look in upon the lonely old man each day, and make them aware in Florence how he prospered.



ST. PETER'S CHURCH, ROME.—GUIDING LIGHTS, p. 40.

In the spring of the year, when he would be ninety years of age, his nephew, who was very dear to him, set off to Rome, determined to take care of Michael Angelo for the rest of his life himself. He found the old man dead, and learned how peaceful his end had been, and that he had died while still speaking to those about him of the sufferings of Christ, leaving his soul to God, his body to the earth, and his possessions to his nearest relatives. One strong wish Michael Angelo had expressed—that his remains might be removed to Florence, to rest among the scenes where so much of his life had been spent. The pope's will was that the great artist's tomb should be in St. Peter's Church. It seemed fitting to him that the burial-place of Michael Angelo should be in the midst of the beauty which he had done so much to create; and accordingly, splendid funeral rites were held in Rome. Then, lest the powerful will of the pope should prevent the fulfilment of Michael Angelo's desire and the longing of his friends in Florence, a strange event took place. The lifeless body was wrapped up in bales of cloth like merchandise on its removal to another town, and secretly conveyed out of Rome, borne the long journey through the country to Florence, and there laid before the great altar in one of the churches of the city.

Next day, when the sun had set, eager multitudes gathered in the narrow streets, for it was known that at midnight the body of their great townsman would be removed to the chief church of Santa Croce, to be there buried in state. As the hour approached, sculp-

tors and painters from far and near gathered in silence round the altar; and as the older men raised the lighted torches which had been prepared for them, the younger artists lifted the heavy bier, and the procession set out from the church. On that night of March 20, 1563, there were few citizens in Florence who were not seeking to do honour to the memory of Michael Angelo. It was difficult to force a way through the streets, so great was the pressure of the crowd. When at last the funeral service was over, surely the people returning to their homes felt they did not leave the real Michael Angelo in the quiet church. Though his spirit had entered the unseen world, he lived on among them still in the works he left behind him, and the spirit and example of his life. It was well for those artists who had gathered round his tomb, if they gained encouragement from his example to use their talents faithfully, and to be true to the ideal of beauty planted in their souls. It was better still, if the poor and ignorant people filling the streets outside, remembered that they too might help to enrich earth by pure deeds and words, and a love of all things beautiful and true; for 'God uses us to help each other so.'



MADAME GUYON.

IN the heart of London, where the narrow streets are full of business and noise, there is a quaint old garden enclosed by ivy-covered walls, green with soft grass and plants, and shaded by many trees. There the noises of the city sound like a distant hum; birds build their nests among the branches; and you can scarcely believe you are really in the very midst of human interest and work. With almost as great a change, sometimes a mountain torrent, tearing with a noise like thunder over rocks and stones, finds in its course a sheltered nook among the cliffs, where a part of the current forms a deep clear pool, on which no ripple can be seen. Over the placid water bend ferns or foxglove stems, and dragon-flies can see their shiny wings reflected on its face, as if there were no hurrying waters near.

In like manner, for every busy human being there is

a quiet resting-place within the soul, where holy thoughts, and prayers, and heavenly hopes form as much a part of life as the cares and deeds which make up our earthly active existence. Sometimes, however, our lives resemble the noisy city streets or roaring mountain stream, with no quiet garden and still pool. For this peace within the soul we need love and trust in God, and not a special creed. Pagans and Jews and Christians, whether young or old, can find this peace within.

You are going to read the story of a Roman Catholic girl in France, who tried to teach this thought to her fellow-countrymen; and who, with fewer privileges and chances than Protestants in these days have, became, through her love and trust in God, a good and noble woman.

In the year 1648, a gentleman and lady of the name of De la Mothe were living in the town of Montargis, about fifty miles from Paris. They were rich people, and were well known and much respected in the town; and perhaps there were many to rejoice with them when, in the month of April, the lady had a little girl, whom they called Jeanne Marie. This was not the first child the house had known; for both the father and mother had been previously married, and three children, two girls and a boy, were there to welcome the new baby, their half-sister. She was a sickly little creature; and for many months, the most careful nursing was required to save her life. Most little English children of her rank are brought up in warm home nurseries, but when she was four years old she was placed under the care

of some nuns who kept a kind of school in Montargis. While here, she was dressed like a little nun, and learned to love their quiet, secluded life. One day, with her heart full of childish enthusiasm and hope, she said to her companions, she would joyfully die a martyr to prove her love for God. The thoughtless girls, not knowing the harm they did, persuaded the little girl that God was really desirous for her death. They spread a cloth upon the floor, which was to receive her blood, and when she knelt down, one of them came forward with a large knife, pretending to be ready to cut off her head. Then the childish courage gave way, and she cried out, she must not die without her father's leave. For a long time their laughter haunted her, and she believed, as they declared, that she was without a martyr's spirit, and had been faithless to the will of God.

The life of a French girl in those days was very different from that of girls in England now. Jeanne Marie, as was then the custom, was brought up in a convent for many years, under the care of one of her elder half-sisters. Most of her early interests were thus associated with those of nuns. She used to think that her life might be more true and good if she were always there, instead of going out into the world as her companions did. She had a great longing to serve God and please Him; but this French girl was not always wise in all her thoughts, and it was one of the lessons which she had to learn, that even in the quiet nunnery it was not always easy to do this. Sometimes she grew

idle and careless there, and broke the good resolutions which she made, just as she did during the holidays at home. Her father objected to the kind of life she wished for; and before she was fifteen years old, she went to live at home, as most of her school-fellows had done.

Her family had removed to Paris; and here their life was full of constant gaiety and change, the result of which was, that Jeanne Marie forgot for a time her better thoughts and prayers; and when she wakened to them again, she longed still more for the quiet convent where she could have thought all day of God. She used to write the name of Christ in large letters and carry it about with her, thinking it would help her to bear her vows in mind; and tried to find each day some quiet time to pray and help the poor.

It does not really matter where our lot in life is cast, if only our will is strong and right; opportunities and helps are sent to us to carry out our aims. Barefooted boys have become great artists; and a famous astronomer, thought worthy of a tomb in Westminster Abbey, was once a child who guarded sheep. The same strong will, fed by the grace of God, will make a holy man or woman everywhere; and through all her troubles and temptations, Jeanne Marie de la Mothe became one, helped by the circumstances which occur in every lot, and really are themselves the 'voice of God.' One of these was the finding of a Bible, which by some mistake had been left in her room in the convent. It was not usual for Roman Catholics to have a copy in their own possession; and but for this, her religious views might

have been much narrower than they were. As she grew older, she learned much of the book by heart, and the words came to her remembrance afterwards, as words so often do which we learn when we are young.

Another leading in life was from the influence of some one of whom she only heard. One day, when she had gone out walking with some companions, a nephew of her father's, named De Toissi, came to the house to say good-bye. He was going as a missionary to China, and was giving up his home and friends, as he thought, for ever, to enter on this distant work. When she heard of his self-sacrifice and goodness, and of all the noble things he said, she cried for hours, humbled to think of her own poor life, and of the many times when Providence had sent her small duties to be done, and she had resisted the call, or obeyed it only for a time. As the missionary was tossing on the sea, thinking of the life which lay before him, he little knew that his young cousin in France was learning lessons from the life he left behind. So, every day, our words and deeds, unknown to us, influence others either for good or evil. Perhaps the joy or sorrow of our future life may partly arise from learning what fruits the example of our character and words has borne here upon earth.

Months passed, and perhaps the missionary life with all its dangers was the easier of the two. The French girl became beautiful and clever; and as every talent brings temptation with it, Jeanne Marie had to learn that these are gifts from God, and may be used, like

every other power we have, in His service. She did not bear in mind that a fair face is worthless if a good soul does not shine out from within; and when foolish people praised her looks and words, she began to think she was all that was required, and to be passionate and vain. When strength of body is given to us, and we employ it to injure other people; or gift of speech, and we use it to teach them wrong instead of right; or when, with any other gift of mind or body, we forget the Giver and use it for our own poor, selfish ends, we must grow worse instead of better for the gift.

When she was sixteen years old, she was married to Monsieur Jacques de Guyon. He was rich, and twenty-two years older than herself. She did not care for him, and never saw him till three days before their marriage. It was customary in France for a woman to have no choice permitted her in this matter; and we might guess from this fact alone, that there could not be much happy home life for the French people. Louis XIV., who was reigning at that time, was a prosperous king, anxious to make his country great in riches and renown. It would have been better for his people in the end, if he could have taught them that all real greatness for a nation springs from happy homes and loving human ties. If we picture ourselves in the place of this young wife, we can fancy her life did not seem to her a very hopeful one. In her father's home all she had said and done seemed right, and the days passed smoothly by; but in her new home she found many trials awaiting her. Her husband, subject to frequent attacks of ill-

health, required a nurse to wait on him, and this woman had gained great influence over him. His mother formed part of the household, and her strong will and violent temper made themselves felt on every possible occasion. Apparently, these two tried who could most embitter Madame Guyon's life. She was allowed no room for her own use; all her actions were watched; even in her walks a footman was ordered to follow and report where she had been. She was not permitted to visit her old home except on rare occasions; hard words were spoken to her, and complaints made of her to visitors. Hardest of all to bear, her husband's mind was poisoned against her by their false reports. It seemed to the poor girl that now her life was spoiled. To complain at her old home would only have been to make matters worse, and she had no one to whom to tell her griefs. But, unknown to herself, her true life was really beginning now. The vanity and pleasures in which she had lived before were not her life. It is not sunshine only that ripens the young wheat, but clouds and rain are needed; and the Providences in our lives are troubles and crosses as well as joys. She began to turn to thoughts she used to have; and memories of her earlier days came back to her now that she had no brightness in her lot. She made fresh resolutions for a better life, wrote down her faults, and compared the record each week; and tried to bear patiently the angry words that she received, and to do all the good that came within her power.

Some changes in her life occurred. Her mother and

the half-sister living in a convent which she loved so much, both died. But there were changes for the better too. Her first baby, a little boy, whom they called Jacques Armand Guyon, was born. Her husband was obliged to go to Paris for a time. At her father's request she was permitted to go with him, and now she had many opportunities of being at her father's house. While she was yet in Paris, her cousin, M. de Toissi, the priest who had gone to China four years before, came back on business for his mission. He seemed a new example to her of a holy life, and to waken fresh longings for it in herself. In common with every other religion, the Roman Catholic faith contains much that is true and good; but there is a danger that in loving all its rites, people may begin to live too much in them, and to believe that in confession and in penances and daily fasts they find the Lord, when these are only meant as helps to purify the soul for Him. Madame Guyon was sad at heart, because, with all her efforts after holiness, she seemed really to come no nearer to Him. Her cousin talked as if, like Enoch, he really 'walked with God.' Why was He not to her the same close and continual companion, to whom she could speak as to the nearest friend? An answer came to her questionings very soon, and in a way that she did not expect.

Away from Paris, wearied of the follies and sins of the French world, a monk who once knew M. de la Mothe had spent five peaceful years in solitude and prayer. He did not shrink from any work that really

needed him; and when, breaking in upon his retirement, came the certainty that some one in the neighbourhood of his old acquaintance required his help, without delay, following the leadings that seemed to point the way and call him there, he came to Paris. M. de la Mothe, then in ill health, was very glad to see his friend; and after they had had some intercourse, knowing somehow that his daughter, Madame Guyon, needed help, he advised her to go and see the monk. She did so; and after he had heard her wants, he sat in silence praying to receive the message which he knew he had to give. At last he said: 'Your efforts have been unsuccessful, Madame, because you have sought without what you can only find within. Accustom yourself to seek God in your heart, and you will not fail to find Him there.' Thus she learned that penances, good works, and fasts, and all the outward religious life from which she hoped so much, were nothing in themselves, and she began to learn the meaning of the words, 'Lo, the kingdom of God is within you.' Does it seem strange to you that this solitary monk should have felt called to leave his chosen life and seek some person whose name and home he did not know? The strange thing is we do not find a heavenly call in all that happens to us. A change comes in our lives, and a new path opens to us, perhaps, we don't know why. If we are foolish, we call it chance or whim; if we are wise, we find it is the call of God.

Madame Guyon now began to find within the peace which even anxious lives can have. So, step by step,

heroes and saints are made, and learn the lessons which they teach their fellow-men. It began to seem as natural to her to pray, as to speak to those around her. She ceased to do anything from a personal or selfish motive, and her will was always to do that of God. But the burdens of her life increased. There was no hope of happy union with her husband while his mother and his nurse could interfere. They even came between herself and her boy, and kept him from her influence. A closer watch was set upon her actions. When she went to church, the servant followed, and she was abused and scolded for her hours of prayer.

At the request of the monk who had helped her so much, and who became her confessor for a time, she kept a journal and told her griefs and faults in it. She was far from perfect yet. This world is like a nursery, and we like children learning to walk, who often stumble and let go the hand that holds them up. Filled with great hopes and thoughts, she did not always sympathize enough with the trifles that pleased other people. She did not always hear when spoken to, and forgot to care for little interests; so that, at first, she lessened the influence which her loving heart afterwards made so great.

In warm, sunny weather, during the year 1670, anxious to please her husband, she made a journey with him through a neighbouring part of France, visiting her old home at Montargis on the way. Her beauty and talents were so great and celebrated, that not only old friends, but new acquaintances crowded

to see her as they rested on their journey. The King's brother gave a garden party at St. Cloud; and here and at other gatherings Madame Guyon was courted, and admirers seemed to hang upon her words. Once again she found herself tempted to be satisfied with the passing pleasures that French social life afforded, and to forget the hidden life which none but God can feed.

When they returned to Paris, a strange thing happened to her. She was walking one day, followed by a servant at a distance, to the Cathedral of Notre Dame. As she crossed a bridge over the river Seine, a man dressed like a beggar came to her. At first she offered him money, but he began to walk with her, and told her he knew her charity to the poor, and all that was so good in her, but that she was prone to vanity and other faults, and all else was worthless unless she had a holy soul. She had told herself this, grieving that, for time, she had lost her better life; and with new certainty awakened by the stranger's words, she went into Notre Dame. At sight of the great arches and dim aisles, the small interests of the world faded away, and only the great realities of which the whole place spoke remained. What wonder if the reproving words came to her like a message straight from heaven, and she was sometime before she could recover herself sufficiently for the walk home!

The summer had changed to autumn, when Madame Guyon was seized with a dangerous attack of small-pox. Possibly, never very strong, she had taken it in one of her visits to the poor people in the neighbour-

hood. Vaccination was unknown, and many of our modern remedies had not been discovered. Day after day she lay neglected, for her mother-in-law postponed the sending for a doctor; her husband had an attack of the illness to which he was subject, and she had neither nurse nor proper attention. It was a marvel that she lived. Some pitying friends thought it would have been better for her to have died. Can you guess what had happened? When they brought a mirror to her bedside, her beauty was all gone; marks of the small-pox covered her face. None of her pleasure-loving French acquaintance could understand how, on the wreck of all that seemed to them worth having, she was so glad at heart. Only when we bear in mind her longing for a spiritual life, in which mere outside beauty has no share, and the hindrances to it which French society, claiming that beauty, threw in her way, can we understand joy in the destruction of anything beautiful on earth.

Her father and two of her children died not long afterwards; one of them, a lovely little girl, who had been her greatest treasure and comfort. These losses all came near together; but as the earthly ties broke, the ties to the Unseen became the stronger. At this time, she signed with her name and sealed with her ring a paper, quaint in its words, but showing in its spirit, better than anything else, what were her aims and hopes:

'I henceforth take Jesus Christ to be mine. I promise to receive Him as a husband to me,

and I give myself to Him, unworthy though I am, to be His spouse. I ask of Him in this marriage of spirit with spirit, that I may be of the same mind with Him, meek, pure, nothing in myself, and united to God's will; and pledged as I am to be His, I accept as part of my marriage portion the temptations, sorrows, and crosses, and contempt which fell upon Him.

'JEANNE M. B. DE LA MOTHE GUYON.'

Sealed with her ring.

Some of the contempt which she was thus ready to receive came upon her soon. Her acquaintances, losing all hope of gaining her companionship in their interests and modes of life, became estranged, and mocked at a tone of mind so different from their own. So-called religious men, holding beliefs different from hers, and possibly seeing in her, too, a less strict adherence to rites and outside observances than the Catholic Church requires, turned from her and condemned her openly. Besides this, false reports were spread, which cast a slur upon her life and character. Surely this must have been a grief to bear, when she was longing to lead the whole world to the path of right. But for every cross that came, she told herself, that if her soul would really find its rest in God, it might learn to do so by the loss of all it tried to rest in out of God. And so, too, when at times she seemed to lose the feeling of His presence from her life, she thought it was only a trial of her faith; and just as the sailor in nights and days of storm, she knew that the sun was only hidden

for a time. God was really always near. But she was learning to live on earth as the angels live who always behold His face. This is the blessing granted only to the pure in heart; and that heart only is pure which is willing to have no will but that of God, even to the giving up of this greatest blessing if required. To tell her certainty of this, she wrote a story in verse, describing her life as a voyage on which Love led her to embark. In its course she was wrecked, and lay among the floating rushes. Even these sunk beneath her; still her life was preserved, and Love told her to lie low, when the spring came she should rise once more and float. At last she could see and hear Love no more, and the end of the poem says: 'I resign, henceforth, all my will to Thine.

'I consent that Thou depart,
Though Thy absence break my heart.
This was just what Love intended,
Now He was no more offended;

'Soon as I became a child,
Love returned to me and smiled.
Never strife shall more betide,
'Twixt the Bridegroom and the bride.'

As she grew older, she was better able to take her proper position in the house. A lawsuit about money matters, in which she and her brother were involved, called for her interference; and her clear judgment enabled her to find the injustice and weak points in the case, which, if it had gone against her husband, must

have caused him heavy loss. From that time he placed more confidence in her; and gently, but firmly, especially when his health began more to fail, she claimed the privilege of a wife to nurse and be with him. Now he began to see too late how happy they might have been together if others had not interfered, and he was on his guard against all mischief-making. For twenty-four days she scarcely left his bedside, attending to his wants, and sharing with him all her holy thoughts. Waking from sleep before he died, he found her kneeling by his bed asking his pardon for any neglect or omission in the past for which she was to blame. What was there to recall but memories of her slighted love and patient goodness in the sad home her husband's house had been? At twenty-eight years old she was a widow with three children—two sons, and a daughter only a few months old.

For a few weeks she was occupied in putting her husband's affairs in order; and then the question came, what should she do with her life? It was expected by all who knew her, that she would now leave the woman who had so embittered the last twelve years of her existence. But as usual, her thoughts were not to find the easiest and pleasantest path, but to take the one Providence pointed out. She must first try afresh to live in peace with her husband's mother. For all of us there is nothing like making the best we can of the place we are in, whatever it may be. We sometimes think if we were only in some other circumstances, how much better and more useful we could be, and we forget

our characters are being shaped by God, and that Christ needed no better training school than the carpenter's shop at Nazareth where His father worked. Her loving efforts to be reconciled with her mother-in-law were, however, unavailing, and early in the year 1677, she received a notice from her that they could no longer live together. It was the winter after her husband's death. The matter was now decided for her, and she was free to seek a fresh home for herself.

Once more, a quiet convent life suggested itself to her, the life for which she had so often longed before. But now she had three children and a work to do for them, and to leave them for that would have been to choose a path which was not meant for her. You may fancy her instead in a pretty country home near Paris, teaching her children, studying herself, and giving comfort and help when she heard of any case of sorrow that required them. One day, a servant found a poor soldier lying sick and helpless in the high road. Madame Guyon had him carried into her own house, and nursed him herself for a fortnight till he died. A famine broke out in Paris; and in her country home she felt the miseries of the city, and distributed loaves and found work for many starving boys and girls. In summer, rejoicing in the songs of the birds and in the beauty of the flowers, she used to sit and walk in the forest near her house. She was perfectly happy, and the cloud which darkened her life a while before, when she could not feel God's presence with her, had disappeared.

But in this life so entirely to her mind, the certainty

came to her now and then that there were other duties and troubles in store for her, harder than any she had yet passed through, and she waited in readiness for any message which should call her to them. She had accustomed herself to hear the voice of God in the words of the good men who influenced her, and she expected no unusual sign. When the prophet sat waiting in the cave to know the will of Heaven, he did not learn it in the tempest or the fire, but in the still small voice; and so, God's messages are not brought to us in startling or uncommon ways, but in those of every day to our own consciences or to those of other men. But if we would thus be angels to each other, we must have pure souls, or the heavenly messages become dim, and at last they die away.

One day, having business in Paris, she went, as was the habit of Roman Catholics, into a church and made her confession. The church was dark and the priest was strange to her, and she was surprised to hear him say: 'I know not who you are, whether maid, wife, or widow; but I feel a strong inward emotion to exhort you to do what the Lord has made known to you that He requires of you. I have nothing else to say.' When she told him that she was a widow with little children, and asked what could God require of her but to take care of them, he answered: 'I know nothing about this. You know, if God manifests to you that He requires something of you, there is nothing in the world which ought to hinder you from doing His will; one must leave one's children to do this.'

It happened that the thought had taken possession of her mind during the last few days that there was a work waiting for her to do among the rude, untaught people then living at the foot of the Jura mountains, between France and Switzerland. The priest's words strengthened these thoughts, and during the next week three or four circumstances occurred which led her to believe more strongly that it was her mission, and to ask the advice of the Bishop of Geneva, then staying for a few days in Paris. This was the bishop under whose care the people who lived among the Jura huts lay. He encouraged her in the idea; she saw a wide field of usefulness before her; and though she had much pain in parting from her sons, and much anxiety before she could make satisfactory arrangements for their temporary guardianship, she was ready to leave Paris in July 1681. Her two boys she placed in the care of some one whom she could trust, and departed with her little girl and three attendants.

Madame Guyon was unused to travelling. With the exception of a journey taken during her husband's life-time, she had never gone far from her own home. Now a long journey was before her, rendered even more wearisome and dangerous than ordinary by the rise of unexpected circumstances. Her half-brother fancied that he had some claim on her property, and with this idea was determined to keep herself and her actions under his immediate watch. He was supported in this design by many powerful people. It was no uncommon thing in those days for persons who acted

contrary to the desire of those in authority to be seized secretly and conveyed to the Bastile, a large prison in Paris. It was, of course, at variance with the interest of her half-brother that Madame Guyon should remove to Gex, and there endow a religious house, as it was her hope to do; and she was warned by people interested in her scheme, that if she cared for her liberty she must leave Paris in secret. Therefore, instead of setting out by the high road in the usual manner, she went with her little party as privately as possible through the streets which led down to the river Seine, and embarked in a boat lying in readiness for her.

For a long time they rowed beneath beautiful buildings, and saw the sun shining on spires and domes, making glad the gay city of which they were taking leave. By degrees all faded from the sight, and their aching eyes rested only on a blue, distant haze. Soon the river widened, the waves lost their muddy hue, and became pure and blue. Trees dipped their branches in the rippling waves and cast a shadow from the banks. The scent of flowers filled the air, and the steady dip of the oars and gentle movement of the sail lulled Madame Guyon, tired with the events of the day. Perhaps she dreamt happy dreams of the country home and the friends she left behind; or, perhaps, between sleeping and waking, she thought of the new life which she was entering in faith, and how the troubles that awaited her would at last be changed to joy. If so, it would only seem a continuation of her thoughts to find the child at her feet had broken twigs and rushes as they passed

the bank, and made them into crosses, which lay strewn about her mother's dress. Then the little one gathered river flowers and leaves, and made them into a crown, as children love to do, and placed it on her head, saying, 'After the cross you shall be crowned.'

When they had travelled thus for seventeen miles, they rested for the night at a town upon the Seine, and there they saw the monk who had helped Madame Guyon in her doubts, and had been her confessor for a time. He encouraged her in her plans with his counsels, and his prayers followed them as their boat carried them farther down the Seine. It must have seemed not unlike death to her, this sailing to a land they did not know, and leaving home and friends behind her. But wherever she went she felt no fear or loneliness. As they passed the villages on the banks, and saw the pleasant dwellings where happy families lived, the thought of God's presence took away all the grief she might have felt. Afterwards she wrote a hymn, which tells us where she found rest and comfort in her wandering, homeless life. Perhaps as you read it, you will fancy you hear the water lapping on the keel of the boat, and see the sparkling waves break at the dipping of the oars, as she did.

'O Thou, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide!
My Lord, how full of sweet content,
I pass my years of banishment.

'All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred love;

Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

'To me remains not place nor time,
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

'While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

'Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

'My country, Lord, art Thou alone,
No other can I claim or own;
The point where all my wishes meet,
My law, my love, life's only sweet.

'I hold by nothing here below,
Appoint my journey, and I go;
Though pierced by scorn, opprest by pride,
I feel the good, feel nought beside.

'Ah, then! to His embrace repair,
My soul, thou art no stranger there;
There love divine shall be thy guard,
And peace and safety thy reward.'

When they had sailed twenty-five miles from Paris, they landed at Melun, and drove the rest of the journey to Gex, stopping at various towns on their way, for rest

and sleep. At each of them, Madame Guyon used to seek out a church, and there gain help and strength in prayer. Sometimes special religious services were held on her arrival; for the cause of her journey was known, and the priests were anxious to encourage and assist her. Towards sunset one day they reached Gex. Far above the little valley and the convent into which they were received, rose the snow-covered mountains; and wild passes and bare rocks lay ruddy in the evening light. In the midst lay the home that was waiting for her, and the work she was to do among the ignorant country people. She was glad to find that the confessor appointed to help her in this work was Father La Combe, a priest whom she had known earlier in life, and whose views were in sympathy with her own. Glad at heart to have followed the call which led her to this place, she used often to say, 'Lo! I come to do Thy will, O God,' and waited to see what He would teach her was His will for her to do. At first it seemed as though all she was wanted for was to teach the poor and ignorant to read, to make ointments, and nurse the sick and wounded. She prayed with them as she had done in her Paris home; but was this all she had come so far to do? She did not ask herself the question. Great duties and small were all alike to her. God's work could be done without our help; and it is not for great deeds He asks, but for a willing heart. Madame Guyon found that through these simple duties, which any one might do, the way opened for her influence to flow out upon the world.

When she first came to Gex, she was warned that the religious beliefs she was suspected of holding would give offence if she did not keep them to herself. If it had been possible for her to hide a truth which she had received, she would not do so. What we are, and believe, shows itself to those around us, whether we will or not; and, regardless of the warning, anxious to do all the good she could, she used every opportunity, in her dealings with the ignorant Roman Catholics in her neighbourhood, to teach them a higher faith than the one they were holding. So, by degrees, they learned from her, and from Father La Combe also, that the penances and fasts, bowings in the church, confessions and absolutions which the Roman Catholic Church ordained, were not real religion. She told them of a hidden life with God in the soul, that prayer and faith and the example of Jesus Christ might make them on this earth holy, as He was holy. Only they must give themselves up to the divine will, and be ready to be and do what it should teach; and she told them to read the Bible and to learn to find God for themselves, and not through Church or priest. And thus she overthrew for them the doctrines which, as Roman Catholics, they were wont to believe.

This new doctrine, as it was called, spread. Father La Combe, on a public occasion, preached a sermon announcing it, of which the report was spread far and wide. The news of Madame Guyon's teaching reached Paris. Here was a doctrine which would upset the world, it was said. What would become of the Roman

Catholic Church if priests and pope were not all in all? if people were to read the Bible and find God for themselves without their help? The bishop, who had been anxious to obtain her charitable labours among his people at Gex, was alarmed at the spread of doctrines so different from those of his own Church. He tried to induce her, and also to compel Father La Combe, as her confessor, to induce her, to become prioress of one of the religious houses at Gex, and endow it with part of her property. By this course he hoped to give her a narrower sphere of usefulness, and to confine her teaching entirely to the nuns of whom she would have the care. Madame Guyon could not agree to this proposal. God might have other work for her in the future, she said, and she could not tie herself down for life to any undertaking of the kind. Father La Combe refused to influence her in a matter which her conscience must decide; and both of them, accordingly, fell under the displeasure of the bishop. He wrote to friends in Rome an account of Father La Combe's sermons, and of the new doctrines which were gaining ground in Gex, hoping to bring them under the notice of the Inquisition (the Roman Catholic Court of Judgment concerning religious matters). Madame Guyon and her confessor found themselves branded as heretics, and a great part of their influence was gone when the loss of the bishop's support was discovered.

Now many trials and persecutions began to disturb her once peaceful life at Gex. Two friars joined with one of the sisters in the religious house where she was

living to torment her in every possible way. Frightful noises were heard in her room at night; strange figures appeared, cleverly contrived by those who wished to drive her away from Gex. Her windows were broken, and the letters which were sent to her, or which she wrote, were intercepted, so that she could have no means of defending herself, or of appealing to her friends for protection. Still she never lost her trust in God. Resting in Him and happy in His will, she knew He was always the same, and all else would pass. About this time she wrote these verses:

'My heart is easy, and my burden light;
I smile, though sad, when God is in my sight;
The more my woes in secret I deplore,
I taste Thy goodness, and I love Thee more.
Then, while a solemn silence reigns around,
Faith, love, and hope within my soul abound;
And while the world suppose me lost in care,
The joys of angels unperceived I share.'

But she knew her influence and usefulness at Gex were in great measure destroyed; and following the command of the inner voice which always spoke so plainly to her, she crossed the Lake of Geneva with her little girl and waiting-maid, to Thonon, and found a home in a convent in the town. It was really needful now that she should have rest after all she had suffered at Gex. She found a room in the convent where she could be alone, and here she studied the Bible, and began her first book on the religious life, which she called, *The Spiritual Torrents.* In this book she showed

that just in the same way as rivers, finding their origin in the ocean, never rest till they return to it, so souls come from God, and cannot rest till they are in union with Him again. Some torrents, however, are turned out of their course, and become for a time stagnant pools; or, losing their way in devious channels, have many wanderings before they reach the sea. A holy man once praying to God, said: 'Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless till they are resting in Thee;' so Madame Guyon wrote that, like these wandering torrents, our souls may meet with obstacles to a holy life, but in the end, we must cast away our selfishness and give up our little human wills to do the will of God, and thus become one with Him and find again the source from which we sprang.

In two or three days' time her retirement was interrupted by people who, hearing of her arrival, came to her for counsel in their religious difficulties. She taught them the doctrine of a new heart as opposed to the religion of ceremonies in which they had been believing; to pray their own prayers, and to read the Bible and books of the inner life which good men had written years before. In her journal she tells how these doctrines were gaining ground. 'Great was my consolation. Never did I experience greater in my life than to see in the town of Thonon, a place of no great extent, so many souls earnestly seeking God. Some of these seemed to have given their whole hearts to God, and experienced the highest spiritual blessings. Among them were a number of girls of twelve or thirteen years of age. It

was interesting to see how deeply the Spirit of God had wrought in them. Being poor, they industriously followed their work all day long; but having acquired a fixed habit of devotion, they sanctified their labours with silent prayer and inward communion. Sometimes they would so arrange their daily labours that a number of them should carry on their work at the same time, and then they would select one to read to them, while the others pursued their task.'

There were many other cases of similar meetings, and among other classes of people. A well-known priest, also, in his church on Sundays began to pray out of the fulness of his heart, not confining himself only to the prayers ordained by the Church. He led other people to follow this example; but it hastened the outbreak of anger and persecution which was sure to follow. This priest was beaten with rods in the streets; the meetings of worshippers, which Madame Guyon had instituted, were broken up; all the books on the inward life which could be discovered were burned by order of the Roman Catholic authorities, and many of the believers in the new doctrine were banished from Thonon. Madame Guyon had been seized with illness during her residence at the convent, and believing the neighbourhood of the lake to be unwholesome, she removed to a tiny cottage at some distance from the water, which she thus describes: 'It had a look of the greatest poverty, and had no chimney except in the kitchen, through which one was obliged to pass to go to the chamber. I gave up the largest chamber to my daughter and the maid. The

chamber reserved to myself was a very small one, and I ascended to it by a ladder. Having no furniture of my own except some beds, quite plain and homely, I bought a few chests and chairs, and such articles of earthen and wooden ware as were necessary. Never did I enjoy greater content than in this little hovel. It seemed to me entirely conformable to the humility and simplicity which characterize the true life in Christ.'

But the persecution which had begun followed her there, and she says: 'It would be difficult for me to enumerate all the unkindness and cruelty shown towards me. The little garden near my cottage I had put in order. Persons came at night and tore it all up, broke down the arbour, and overturned everything in it, so that it appeared as if it had been ravaged by a body of soldiers. My window was broken with stones which fell at my feet. All night long, persons were round the house, making a great noise, threatening to break it in, and uttering personal abuse. I have learned since who put these persons on their wicked work. It was at this time notice reached me that I must go out of the diocese; crimes were tolerated, but the work of God, resulting in the conversion and sanctification of souls, could not be endured. All this while I had no uneasiness of mind. My soul found rest in God. I never repented that I had left all to do what seemed to me to be His will. I believed that God had a design in everything that took place, and I left all in His hands, both the sorrow and the joy. My soul, leaving all to God, continued to rest in a quiet and peaceable habita-

tion. O Thou, the great and sole object of my love! if there were no other reward for the little services we are able to perform, than this calm and fixed state above the changes of the world, would it not be enough? The senses, indeed, are sometimes ready to start aside, to run off like truants, but every trouble flies before the soul which is entirely subjected to God.'

About the same time of the bishop's notice to herself and Father La Combe that they must leave the diocese, a letter came to her from a lady of rank in Turin, in the north of Italy, offering them both a refuge in her house. When their letters to the bishop proved unavailing, and they found him determined on their banishment, they saw their work was over at Thonon, and saw in this new opening the way pointed out to them by Providence.

Turin was more than one hundred and thirty miles from Thonon; and a great part of the way lay over a dangerous mountain pass, the pass of Mont Cenis, over which, at that time, there was only a narrow path, winding over mountain heights and over terrible precipices. Madame Guyon with her maid and little girl were carried on litters; Father La Combe, with another priest who travelled with them to Turin, rode on mules.

Madame Guyon stayed only a few months in this refuge at Turin. She felt it was only a shelter for a time. Her thoughts went back to France, the country of her birth, and she longed to teach her own country-people again. The Italians had heard something of the doctrines in which she believed. A Spaniard named

Michael de Molinos had travelled through the country, telling the people of the little value of rites and ceremonies compared with the hidden life with God which every man might have in his own soul through prayer and faith. Molinos had also written a book called the *Spiritual Guide;* but he and his followers had been imprisoned, and the books which told of their doctrine of the inner life destroyed in great numbers. No fear of like consequences for herself and her writings weighed on Madame Guyon's mind. She longed to be at work again in her own land. But while remaining in Italy, she was not idle. She wrote numbers of letters, of which several volumes have been preserved, and by this means her influence was extended far and wide. One day she wrote to a young man who was about to become a priest, and warned him against the mere outside life of religious observance which was so usual then. She advised him—'Preach nothing but the gospel, the gospel of the kingdom of God, and preach it as a kingdom near at hand,—as something not a great way off, but to be received and realized now. Aim at the heart. If men seek the kingdom of God *within them* in the exercise of faith and in right dispositions, they will not fail to find it. God is ready to come and take up His abode in the heart, if men are desirous of it. But men themselves have something to do. Teach those to whom you preach to disengage their minds from the world; be collected and prayerful, and with sincerity and uprightness to seek, in the language of the Psalmist, the Lord and His strength, *to seek His face evermore.*'

After all you have read of Madame Guyon's own words, there can be no difficulty in understanding the difference between her teaching and that of the Roman Catholic Church. In the generally received religion, the priests came between God and men. People were taught that all that was required of them was to follow the dictates of the Church, and be regular in the observance of the ceremonies and penances the priests required. The new doctrines which Molinos and Madame Guyon were teaching threw down this priestly barrier, told of an open way between God and every human soul, and that a holy life and communion with God for every one were possible through prayer and faith. Knowing this, it is easy to comprehend the reason of the persecution of all who held this belief. If permitted to spread, it might end in the overthrow of the Church of Rome, and in the powerlessness of the priests.

After a few months spent in Turin, Madame Guyon, following the call of duty which seemed to lead her again to work in France, travelled one hundred miles to Grenoble, to the north of Turin; and placing her little girl and maid in a convent, took a solitary room in the town, and there waited for the next work which should open out before her. Here she wrote a book called the *Method of Prayer*, of which fifteen hundred copies were quickly distributed, and numbers of people came each day to be taught by her. But the book awakened fresh anger against her, and she was forced to flee in secret from Grenoble, while many who

only possessed copies of the book were imprisoned. It is needless to tell how she was driven from one town to another, sometimes through storms at sea, and sometimes in danger of robbers on land, till, she says, 'It seemed with these indications of Providence before me that the Lord was beginning to take from me every place of abode.' Still she was calm and happy through all these changes. Five years from the time of her leaving Paris she returned there, took a house in the city, and collected her little family around her.

Now her work seemed to be more among those of her own rank, than, as formerly, among the poor in Paris, and she had religious meetings with many persons great in station and in name. What a happiness it must have been to the loving mother to be again among her children, after all her wanderings and long absence from them! But a great sorrow came to her at the same time. Her half-brother, La Mothe, for fear of whom she had had to leave Paris secretly five years before, never rested till he obtained, through the archbishop of Paris, the command of the King for the imprisonment in the Bastile of Father La Combe on account of his heresies. Father La Combe was her confessor and her early friend. Probably her influence had, in great measure, led him to adopt the new faith; and it was a bitter grief for her to know he was imprisoned for life, and she, still at liberty, could do so little for his relief. She sent him money and books, and contrived to have letters conveyed to him, and received some in return from him. Perhaps a part of one which he wrote to

her will give you some idea of the condition of the prisoners who were thus confined because of their religious views:

'In my present situation, correctly supposing me to be unable to do much for the cause we love, you propose to me to meditate and write; but, alas! can the dry rock send forth flowing fountains? I never had much power or inclination for such efforts; and this seclusion from the world, this imprisonment, the cold and insensible walls seem to have taken from me the power which I once had. Like the Jews of old, I sit down by the place of my exile, and hang my harp upon the willows. It is true that there has been some mitigation of my state. I am now permitted to go beyond the walls of my prison into the neighbouring gardens and fields; but it is only on condition of my labouring there without cessation from morning till evening. How can I meditate, how can I think, except it be on the manner of subduing the earth and of cultivating plants? I will add, however, that I have no choice for myself. All my desires are mixed up in one, that God may be glorified in me; and to this end, may I be permitted once more to ask the prayers of one who can never cease to command my highest respect, or my warmest Christian affection.—F. DE LA COMBE.'

The same bigotry which had led to the imprisonment of Father La Combe, at the end of three months' interval caused that of Madame Guyon. She had seen and heard by that time so many instances in Paris of the strong feeling on the part of those in power against

herself and those who held her views, that it could have been no surprise to her when an order was brought to her from the King for her imprisonment. Her half-brother again had been the originator. He and the archbishop of Paris had aroused in the mind of Louis XIV. fears that his kingdom would be weakened by the heresies which were increasing in it. He had already despatched soldiers into many parts of France to break up the assemblies of Protestants; and he had done much towards bringing about the imprisonment of Molinos in Italy. After the arrival of the order, a few hours were allowed her before she left home, to take leave of her friends and children. Then, although only beginning to recover from an attack of illness, she was removed to a prison in the convent of St. Marie in Paris.

You have now seen Madame Guyon as a girl in her convent school, and in her gay Paris life. You have seen her in her sorrowful married life, and as a widow in the happy retirement of her country home; and you have followed her in some of her journeyings and exile. Now you must fancy her in a little upper room, where the sun's glare was almost unbearable in hot weather, locked and barred in there day and night, and waited on by a rough, inhuman woman, and then listen to the poem she wrote when in that confinement:

'A little bird I am, shut from the fields of air,
And in my cage I sit and sing to Him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be, because, my God, it pleaseth Thee.

'Nought else have I to do; I sing the whole day long,
And He whom most I love to please doth listen to my song;
He caught and bound my wandering wing, but still He bends to hear me sing.

'Thou hast an ear to hear, a heart to love and bless,
And tho' my notes were e'er so rude, Thou wouldst not hear them less,
Because Thou knowest, as they fall, that love, sweet love, inspires them all.

'My cage confines me round, abroad I cannot fly,
And though my wing is closely bound, my heart's at liberty:
My prison walls cannot control the flight, the freedom of the soul.

'Oh! it is good to soar these bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore, whose providence I love;
And in Thy mighty will to find the joy, the freedom of the mind.'

With the exception of one happy day in the convent garden, Madame Guyon was confined in this prison for eight months. A great part of the time she was suffering pain, and the hot, suffocating air of the little room increased her illness. She was anxious, too, about her daughter, from whom she was separated, and whom the archbishop of Paris was desirous to marry to his nephew, a man concerning whose character much evil was truly reported. The archbishop obtained the support of the King in this matter, and the poor mother found that on her consent her liberty was likely to depend. She had no uncertainty, however, as to her action, and would have remained firm in her refusal if the alternative had been death. The visits of persons

interested in this marriage, and of examiners into her religious views, were all the variety permitted in her prison life. But the efforts of her friends in Paris and elsewhere were ceaseless to obtain her release. The goodness and patience of her character came at length, through the prioress of the convent, and a lady, Madame de Miramion, who visited there, to the knowledge of Madame de Maintenon. This lady had been privately married to Louis XIV., and had probably more influence with him than any other person in the kingdom. She used this influence to bring about the release of Madame Guyon. The archbishop of Paris, rendered more angry by the failure of his plans for his nephew, was silenced for a time. His power had gone when Madame de Maintenon interfered; but a stronger enemy than any she had hitherto met was to attack Madame Guyon before long.

Meanwhile, in this short time of tranquillity she lived chiefly with her daughter, who had married, to the satisfaction of her mother, the Count de Vaux. While with them, she made the greatest friendship of her life, with a celebrated man connected with the family of the Count de Vaux. This was Fenelon, archbishop of Cambray, and afterwards tutor of the grandson of Louis XIV. Before this honourable post was given to him, and after he had lost it, the archbishop lived among the poor people of Cambray as one of themselves, entering into their daily cares and sorrows, and in this way gaining an influence among them which he could not otherwise have obtained. The fact was, Fenelon,

like Madame Guyon, was only anxious to do the will of God, and was equally joyful to serve Him in little as in large duties. So it was all one to him whether he taught the grandson of a king, or sat with a peasant on the grass, telling him of the love of God. Many anecdotes are told of his kindness to those who were in trouble. One day he met a peasant mourning the loss of a cow which had strayed. Fenelon offered him money to buy another. But this would not restore the old favourite; and finding him still sad, the archbishop continued his walk until he found the lost cow, and drove her back himself, late at night, to the peasant's cottage. Fenelon was celebrated for his learning, and for his refined and courteous manners, as well as for his benevolence. It seemed as if his love to God had entered into and cultivated his whole being, so that he was in sympathy with all that was beautiful wherever he was placed. He already knew something of the doctrine of the 'Quietists,' as the believers in the religion of the inner life were called, on account of the quiet and peace they found within. When he heard of Madame Guyon, and how, on account of her belief, she had fallen under the King's displeasure, he was anxious to become acquainted with her; and Madame Guyon, having once talked with him, could not rest till she had imparted to him her own happy faith, and had made him a 'Quietist' like herself.

In the same year, Madame de Maintenon, disappointed with the pleasures the court life could afford, and melancholy, notwithstanding the favour of the

King, sought Madame Guyon, to try to gain from her a happiness she could not find in the world. They used to meet at St. Cyr, an institution for poor girls which Madame de Maintenon had founded. Here Madame Guyon spent some hours each week, talking to the girls. Perhaps they sought the inner life for better reasons, and more earnestly, than did the worldly woman, who thought to find in it an interest in place of others which had ceased to charm. At all events, her search was short and fruitless at that time, while they carried with them into their future life the peace they learned from the persecuted woman whom they never ceased to bless.

New cries against Madame Guyon awoke in Paris. They came to the ears of Bishop Bossuet, afterwards the leading man in the French Church, as he sat in his library at Meaux. He prevailed on the King to appoint him one of the three judges to inquire into the workings and character of the troublesome woman who was placing the Roman Catholic Church in danger. He obtained some interviews with her, during which his words and manner were very rude and violent; and under pretence of better carrying on his examination, prevailed on her to reside for a time in a convent at Meaux. She and her maid, travelling in January, were many hours on the journey thither. Their carriage sank in a snow-drift, and being obliged to leave it, they sat upon the snow until some waggoners arriving drew them through the drift, and at ten o'clock at night they reached the convent, where the nuns, who had ceased



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to expect them, had retired to rest. This long, cold journey had a bad effect on Madame Guyon's health, and she suffered much during her residence in the convent from the persecution of the bishop. In many ways he tried to gain her signature to papers which confessed herself and Father La Combe to have been in error. Notwithstanding this perpetual source of trouble, the convent of St. Mary seemed to offer her a shelter from the rage which was constantly attacking her in cities, and which she was becoming too worn to withstand. Therefore, when at the end of six months the prioress and nuns begged her to spend the rest of her life among them, she consented to do so, if Bossuet would agree to her return to Paris for a few weeks first.

The bishop gladly consented to a plan which would bring her so much into his own power, and she returned, as proposed, to Paris. But her arrival there was quickly known. It was the signal for a fresh uproar. The King became alarmed; Madame de Maintenon, whose short-lived interest in Madame Guyon had died away, was angry; and the poor lady and her maid were obliged to conceal themselves for five months in a tiny house in one of the back streets of Paris. Their hiding-place was known to only one person beside themselves; but the police discovered it, and they were imprisoned together in an old castle in the Forest of Vincennes, near Paris.

In a French paper of that date, her capture is thus recorded. 1696, January 20: 'The King caused Madame

Guyon to be arrested a few days ago and sent to the Castle of Vincennes, where she will be strictly guarded, apparently for a long time. She is accused of having maintained both by word of mouth and by her writings a very dangerous doctrine, and one which nearly approaches to heresy. She has imposed upon many persons of eminent virtue. A long search was made for her before she could be taken. She was found in the Faubourg St. Antoine in great concealment.' Her journal tells us how she spent her time here: 'I passed my time in great peace, content to spend the remainder of my life there, if such should be the will of God. I employed part of my time in writing religious songs. I, and my maid La Gautière, who was with me in prison, committed them to heart as fast as I made them. Together we sang praises to Thee, O my God! It sometimes seemed to me as if I were a little bird, and that I had nothing to do now but to sing. The joy of my heart gave brightness to the objects around me. The stones of my prison looked in my eyes like rubies. My heart was full of that joy that Thou givest to them who love Thee in the midst of their greatest crosses.' The following is a translation of one of the hymns they used to sing:—

'Strong are the walls around me,
That hold me all the day;
But they who thus have bound me
Cannot keep God away.
My very dungeon walls are dear,
Because the God I love is here.

'They know who thus oppress me,
'Tis hard to be alone;
But know not, One can bless me,
Who comes through bars of stone.
He makes my dungeon's darkness bright,
And fills my bosom with delight.

'Thy love, O God, restores me
From sighs and tears to praise;
And deep my soul adores Thee,
Nor thinks of time and place.
I ask no more, in good or ill,
But union with Thy holy will.

''Tis that which makes my treasure,
'Tis that which brings my gain;
Converting woe to pleasure,
And reaping joy from pain.
Oh! 'tis enough, whate'er befall,
To know that God is all in all.'

Now was the time for Fenelon to defend both Madame Guyon and the religion which she had led him to love. He wrote a book called the *Maxims of the Saints*, in which he explained and upheld the views of the 'Quietists.' This drew the general attention to himself. Bossuet published a reply, and the discussion between the two well-known men excited the whole of France. The controversy called for the interference of the pope, who condemned Fenelon's book. The King took from him the tutorship of the young prince, and banished him from the court to his diocese at Cambray. Fenelon wrote to Madame Maintenon,

grieving that he had fallen under the King's displeasure. It speaks hopefully for her that the reproaches of her conscience for the share she had had in the matter made her for a time seriously ill. She knew well that if she had defended Madame Guyon in the beliefs which her own heart told her were true, this banishment of Fenelon, her old friend, would never have occurred; but now, neither her grief nor the pleadings of the young prince could change the King's decree. Fenelon died eighteen years afterwards, among his loving peasants at Cambray.

While the discussion between Bossuet and Fenelon was being held, the good nuns of St. Mary at Meaux hoped in vain for the return of Madame Guyon to end her days among them. She was removed from prison to prison, and at last, in September 1698, was taken to the Bastile, where Father La Combe had been confined so long. Perhaps by that time she had heard the priest's sad end. He died insane, in consequence of his solitary confinement in the Bastile. For a long time she was ignorant of his death, and when, during one of her imprisonments, a letter had been read to her which her tempters declared was from her old confessor, begging her to renounce the errors of her faith as he had done, she could only declare that it was either a forgery or that his mind was injured by his grief. She had no hesitation in her reply, and her tormentors went away ashamed; but it was not till some time after that she knew the truth. It was a frequent occurrence for prisoners at the Bastile to become insane. Perhaps

you will not be surprised at this, when you hear that from the time of their capture they saw no one from the outer world; and no sight of the sun or any object could be gained from their grated window. Even their names were unused, and they were called by the number of the prison they inhabited. They had no employments; some have been known to spend their days in pouring water from one dish to another, or in counting over and over again the spots upon the floor, or in trying to train spiders by feeding them, merely to drive away the fear of insanity. An open space is shown in Paris where the Bastile once stood. It was a huge prison, composed of high towers joined together by walls, and surrounded by a wide ditch. The cells, built one above another in the towers, were guarded at the chimney, door, and window by heavy gratings. The walls were twelve feet thick, and more in some cases, and there was small chance of escape for any prisoner once confined within them. Here Madame Guyon lingered for four years. She and La Gautière were placed in different prisons, and were obliged to sing their hymns apart. Death released her faithful servant first. It does not seem to be known how Madame Guyon's freedom was obtained. Possibly the removal of her most determined enemies ended her confinement. At all events, after a short visit to her daughter, she was banished to Blois for the remainder of her life. In this old city, not far from her eldest son, who had settled there, she lingered fifteen years. Her health was broken by confinement and hardship; but

while she lived, her influence never ceased. Still, through painful illnesses, she saw and advised the people, who came from long distances to learn what she could teach. To an Englishman she gave the journal of her life, to be published when she died. In it we have no record of her life in the Bastile. All captives there were bound to secrecy as to all they had seen and heard while within its walls.

One June night in the year 1717 she died. Friends stood round her bed, and her farewell of the earth, where she had suffered so much for sixty-nine years, was peaceful. Death could bring no great change to her, for she had carried her heaven with her wherever she went. To all of us the story of her life declares, that amid the chances and changes of our lot, we, too, need never lose the peace of God. Let her voice speak to us in one of the hymns she wrote when the troubles of her life were at their height, and with her own words we will leave her to her rest:

'Yield to the Lord with simple heart
All that thou hast, and all thou art;
Renounce all strength but strength divine,
And peace shall be for ever thine.
Behold the path which I have trod,
My path till I go home to God.'

MARTIN LUTHER.

IN the centre of Germany lie several mountain ranges; some of them clothed with beautiful forests, such as the Thuringian Hills, and others rich in lead, iron, copper, and silver mines, such as the Hartz Mountains, whose grand peaks rise high among the clouds.

Nearly four hundred years ago the little village of Mora was to be found in a sheltered nook among the Thuringian Hills. It was composed, for the most part, of pleasant farmsteads; and in one of these lived an old man named Heine Luther. On his death, he left the farm to his elder son. The family was broken up, and Hans Luther, the younger son, went out with his wife Margaret into the world to seek his living. Hans had been always used to a life among the mountains, and he determined to make his new home in a mountainous land. So he became a miner, spending his

days in the deep pits of the Hartz Mountains, digging out the copper which lay there in rich veins; and in the evening, returning home with his fellow-labourers to the neighbouring town of Eisleben, where he lived. There the little house was clean and neat, though it was very poorly furnished; and his wife was ready to receive him when he came in tired with his hard work.

By and by, in November 1483, their first baby was born. The miner took a holiday next day, and carried it to St. Peter's Church in Eisleben, where it was baptized, and named Martin, in honour of the saint after whom the day happened to be called; for Hans and Margaret Luther, like a great many other people in Germany at that time, were Roman Catholics.

While the child was still a baby, Hans Luther heard of better mining in the mountains six or seven miles away, and he and his family removed to Mansfeld, a smaller town than Eisleben, but a very busy place. The scenery round the new home was varied. The craggy hills were partly covered with pine forests; and the great pit mouths, surrounded with heaps of slag and rubbish, marked where the entrances to the rich, dark mines lay in which Hans Luther and his fellow-miners spent so much of their lives.

As Martin grew older, he learned to help his mother in many little things. He toddled after her into the woods when she went to cut the faggots for their winter stock of firewood, and carried as many bundles as his little arms would hold. His parents were very poor,

and often had difficulty in providing sufficient food and clothing; but notwithstanding their poverty, they managed to let Martin go to school each day, as soon as he was old enough to do so. The schoolhouse is still to be seen on the top of a hill near Mansfeld; and early in the morning the neighbours used to see the miner carrying the little boy there in his arms, and calling for him again at night; or sometimes a young man, named Nicholas Euler, living in Mansfeld, who had become very fond of the child, took him there instead. When Martin had reached middle age, and was occupied with many great interests and cares, he reminded Euler of the kind act, and gave him a book in memory of those long-passed days.

Martin Luther had a hard life when he was young. Both by his parents and the schoolmaster the smallest fault was treated with very great severity. This was meant for the best, but, in reality, was not the wisest course. Hans and Margaret Luther had not discovered how much power there is in a loving word, and never fancied that anything but fear could keep their children in a right course. We shall not wonder at this when we remember what sort of a religious belief they held. The German people were at that time under the power of the priests, who taught them that their sins, which caused God's anger, could only be atoned for by fasts and penances. They had no Bible in which they could read of the love of God, and of the gentle life and pity of Jesus Christ; and thus we find the effect of the priests' teaching spread through their daily lives, and made

them as hard and severe to their children as they believed God was to them.

That was the kind of religious training, too, which Martin received in the village school. In addition, he learned the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments, the Latin grammar, arithmetic, and to sing church music. He had no books to read telling of the travels and adventures of brave men, or of the wonderful discoveries of astronomers; and no histories and poems, such as children in the present days enjoy. The art of printing had only been discovered about fifty years before, and the few books then printed were very dear.

Yet he was by no means unhappy. He loved his father and mother and brothers and sisters, and there is little room for unhappiness where there is plenty to do. Martin was always occupied, either in school, or helping in some way to earn money for the family; or else in stray happy hours at play with other Mansfeld boys, in the fields or on the banks of the brook which flowed beside the town. His favourite companion was a boy named John Reinecke; and, I have no doubt, they had many merry games of play, leaping from bank to bank of the stream, or enjoyed sunny rambles on the hills which lay round the town.

As he grew older, circumstances improved with the family. Hans Luther's wisdom in mining matters became known, and an easier work was found for him than toiling in the dark mines; and work, moreover, which brought him better pay. His honest character gained respect; and, though still a very poor man, his

fellow-townsmen thought so highly of him that they made him one of their councillors. He had now more time to spend in his home and family, and he began to see that Martin was a very clever boy, working well at school; and he resolved that he would give him the blessing of a good education, and make a scholar of him instead of a miner.

Hans Luther had never had the chance himself of becoming learned, but he was a clever man, interested in all he heard; and, partly also for Martin's sake, he rejoiced when the schoolmaster and wiser men of the place were glad to meet together to talk in the honest town councillor's cottage.

Stories were reaching Mansfeld from distant countries of the sayings and deeds of learned men, and of the books which the few printing presses were sending forth into the world. From Italy, news came of the artists and literary people who were meeting together in Florence and in Rome; from England, of the printing press set up in the great abbey in London, where even a German book, translated into the English tongue, had been printed. Other stories came to Mansfeld, too, which were often talked about in Hans Luther's house. It was said that many priests and monks were leading wicked lives, and that a great amount of evil-doing had crept into the Roman Catholic Church. Hans Luther had often, in the little farm among the Thuringian Hills, heard his father tell the tale of how, when he was a young man, the German nation had been excited even to war by the news of the burning

of the brave John Huss, who had spoken fearlessly against the sins of the Church of which he was a priest. Hans knew some good priests; but with these tales reaching his ears from the outside world, he had no love for the race of priests as a whole, and his boy Martin, though he was to be a scholar, was not to be a priest. He was to gain renown and a place for himself by studying law.

So Martin's life passed in Mansfeld until he was fourteen years of age. Then, if he were really to be a scholar, it was time for him to learn more than the schoolmaster in that little town could teach him.

Early one morning, several people were standing at their cottage doors in Mansfeld, and waving their hands to two young travellers who were leaving the place with bundles over their shoulders. Boys shouted good-luck wishes after them, and old people thought of the temptations and cares of the world into which they were wandering forth, and wished them well. The travellers were the two boys, Martin Luther and his friend John Reinecke, setting off on foot for a journey of fifty miles to Magdeburg, a northern town where was a large school taught by the Franciscan monks.

You will believe these boys did not like leaving the homes in which they had lived all their short life. They were sorry to part from their old companions, and the tears chased one another down their cheeks as they walked on through the valley by the side of the brook, where they had so often played. Their way then lay over the hills, and when they came out into the open

flat country on the farther side, it was like a new world to them. For two or three days they journeyed, begging a night's lodging and a little food as they went; and at last, very wearied, entered the town of Magdeburg, which is built upon the Elbe.

The boys had never before seen a larger town than Mansfeld. Here was a great change and many wonderful sights to be seen. We can fancy them entering the town with their dusty, travel-worn clothes, and their bundles slung over their shoulders, looking about them at the new scenes on every hand. There, in the middle of the river Elbe, lay an island on which was a great castle for the defence of the city in time of war. Farther on was the cathedral; and not far from it the archbishop's palace, whence, if they passed beneath its walls at the right hour, they might have heard the sound of trumpets making music as the great man sat at dinner within. Very possibly, before they reached the school they saw a sight which was a very common one in Magdeburg in those days,—some monk, in long grey robe, with black hood upon his head and a sack on his back, going from house to house begging food for the monastery in which he lived. To this monastery belonged the school to which the boys were going, and before many days had passed they had become used to the gloomy dresses of their new masters.

Martin spent a year in Magdeburg. It was a very unhappy year to him. In school he used to tremble with fear before the stern, severe monks; and in his

play-hours, he and other boys, as poor as himself, used to go from house to house in the town singing hymns and carols to gain food, when they could bear their hunger no longer. There was nothing unusual in this action; all poor scholars in Germany used to live on what they gained in this manner; and often in the winter snow and bitter wind, the voices of the boys might be heard outside by some happy family collected round a blazing fire within. Poor Martin, rendered timid by the harsh treatment he received at school, used to suffer greatly when he obtained only harsh words from the people at whose doors he sung, and often shed tears when no one was observing him.

About Christmas time, one night Martin and a number of his school-fellows sang carols in this fashion from house to house. At last they reached a cottage a little distance out of the town. The peasant, who was really a kind-hearted man, came out with some food he had to give them, and called out in the darkness, 'Where are you, boys?' He had a gruff voice, and the frightened children ran away, believing blows or hard words awaited them instead of food; and it was only after the peasant had called to them for some time that they gained courage to return.

This was a very hard, sad life for the poor boy so far from home; and when his father and mother heard of his troubles, they determined to remove him to a school in the town of Eisenach, where some relatives lived, who, it was hoped, would care a little for him.

Before he left Magdeburg, Martin happened to see a

picture which made a great impression on his memory, and influenced his actions, as you will see hereafter, when you have read more of the story of his life. It was a painting of a great ship, supposed to represent the Roman Catholic Church. In this ship sat the pope, cardinals, and bishops, in their grand dresses, while priests and monks in humbler attire rowed them all on their way to heaven. On all sides in the water round the ship were struggling people; some drowning, others seizing hold of ropes which the priests in pity threw to them. These struggling people were supposed to represent laymen, that is, all persons who held no office in the Church; and the picture was intended to express the belief, so common in those days, that there could be no hope of forgiveness of sin or of reaching heaven, for any man, except by means of the prayers and intercessions of the priests.

Martin's return to Mansfeld, which place he must pass through on his way to Eisenach, was a very different kind of journey from that which he had made to Magdeburg, though he passed over the same ground, and again travelled the fifty miles on foot. This time he was full of joy, because he was leaving a place where he had been so wretched, and the year's absence from home made him wish much to see his friends again. Tired as he must have been when he reached the entrance to the valley in which Mansfeld lies, I think he would quicken his steps to gain a sight of the schoolhouse on the hill, and of the meadows where he had played so often with his school-fellows There would

be great rejoicing when he came to the cottage door; and we can fancy how the younger children, watching for him, would run in, calling loudly, 'Martin is here!' and how the mother would come out quickly, and find him, even in the twelve months' absence, grown more tall and thin. There would be many things to tell and hear, and old neighbours to see, who wished to have all the news from the fine town upon the Elbe. The schoolmaster would have many questions to ask about the lessons Martin had learned, and the father would be rejoiced to hear of the progress he had made at school.

After a short stay at home, Martin set forth on his travels again. He had rather a longer journey before him than he had travelled before, and this one was also to be made on foot with his bundle on his back. There was a celebrated Latin school in Eisenach, and though the town was called the 'nest of priests,' and perhaps Hans Luther on this account disliked it for his boy, yet it was on the whole the best place he could choose. Hans was still so poor a man that he could not provide his son with any money for his wants. Martin must trust to himself, and to the kindness of the people whose houses he came to on his way. So, again he asked for food and lodging at the villages through which he passed, and often sang outside the cottage doors, and trembled lest hard words should be the only result.

To us, it would seem a great mistake for English boys to wander begging bread from house to house, or

singing songs to gain a night's lodging as reward. We should say to such boys: 'You look strong, go and work for your living, and find some better way of going to school than by asking the charity of other people.' We may be very glad that our ways of life are so different from German customs so many years ago; but we must not blame Martin for doing what was considered then a right and honest thing to do. Many people were glad to help poor scholars on their way, and there were fewer opportunities in those days than we have now of giving assistance to the needy.

As he approached the end of his journey, Martin reached the Thuringian Hills, among which his father had lived when a boy. There, right before him on a rocky steep rose the great Castle of Wartburg, overlooking the town of Eisenach, which lay in the valley below. Martin little thought, as he looked at the great castle towers and thick walls, that the time would come when he should be gazing as a prisoner from its windows on the hill where he was then standing.

You will be sorry to hear that Martin's relatives in Eisenach were either too poor or too careless to give him any help; and the sad, hungry life he had led in Magdeburg began for him again. Sometimes he feared that he should have to give up all his hopes of being a learned man, and go back to Mansfeld to earn his living in the mines, as his father had done. It was hard work all day to study in the school, or sing in the church choirs, and in the evening to wander wearily singing again round the town for the chance of the help

some kind-hearted listener might bestow. Yet there is no doubt this hard training did him good in the end. It strengthened his power of endurance and his will in fighting against and conquering difficulties. Long afterwards Martin Luther said, when speaking of his troubles as a boy: 'It is well for the young to learn to endure suffering and want, for such suffering doth do them no harm. It doth more harm for one to prosper without toil than it doth to endure suffering.' But the recollection also made him always very pitiful to boys who were in the same case as he had been; and when he had a home of his own, the poor scholars who sang at his door were never turned away unhelped, and more than one found a place in his family till the days of his poverty and study were passed.

One day Martin and three or four other poor schoolboys were singing in the streets of Eisenach. Their carols had been unnoticed at several houses where food was often given to them, and with heavy hearts they were turning along St. George Street back to the school again. On their way they passed by the house of Ursula Schweikard, a good widow, who had frequently helped them. On this occasion she noticed their sad faces, and inviting them in, set food before the hungry boys. You must know that Martin's clear voice had often delighted her, for she loved music greatly. She had watched him as he sang among the choristers in the church, and had observed his quiet reverence, and the attentive way in which he listened to the Latin

prayers of the priests, which perhaps he could not always understand.

'This is a boy that deserves to be helped,' she probably said to herself, 'he is not idle as so many boys are; perhaps God has sent him to my door that I may be the means of helping him.' The thought rested on her mind, and the end was that she took him into her home, and his troubles were at an end while he stayed at Eisenach.

Perhaps the good woman was right when she thought thus. It is a true saying that 'God uses us to help each other,' for the promptings to kind deeds which visit us are the whispers of His Spirit, and if obeyed, make us guardian angels to others, and ministers of God's will. The chronicles, or old history of the town of Eisenach, speak of Ursula Schweikard's deed, and tell how, in caring for the poor scholar, she upheld the great future Reformer of the Church. Doubtless, in her old age, it gladdened her heart to know that the boy whom she had helped had become a noble and famous man; but the result made the kind act no greater. The story, like many other stories, may remind us that all our actions, whether great or small, are in our own control at the moment of performance only; but the consequences to which they lead the future will unfold, and these may be far greater in their good or evil influence than we dream of at the time.

During the four years he stayed at Eisenach, Martin was very happy. All day he studied diligently; and now that his mind was at ease, and he had no anxious

thoughts about gaining his daily bread, he surprised every one by his talent and the speedy progress he made. In the evenings he often played on the flute and sang to Ursula Schweikard. It is said that at this time he composed music to express the gratitude he felt to this kind foster-mother who had given him a home. He was a favourite with all his school-fellows, and liked by all the professors in the school; but one of these, named John Trebonius, especially became his friend. Martin's admiration for this man arose in a peculiar way.

You must know that the learned men who lectured in the Eisenach schools had a habit of treating the poor scholars who listened to them in a rough and uncourteous manner. Trebonius, on the contrary, removed his hat and bowed to them when he entered the lecture-room. One day he was laughed at for this act of courtesy, and Martin heard him reply, that among these poor, lowly born youths, there were many who yet showed no sign of future greatness, but whom God would one day raise to useful and noble offices. Trebonius, like a wise man, remembered the possibilities for greatness which are in every human being. Martin liked the thought. It encouraged him to do and be his best when he found great things were expected of him. Probably, years afterwards, that thought, given to him in the schoolhouse at Eisenach, helped him to be patient with and hopeful for the idle monks and ignorant self-willed persons with whom he had to deal; for to children and grown-up people alike, this world is but

a school, and for the worst there is yet waiting in the future the promise of the angel he is destined to become. It was thus that John Trebonius first gained his influence over Martin, and the boy tried to become what the learned man hoped for him. So the years passed quickly by until he was eighteen years of age.

When that time came, the happy life in Ursula Schweikard's cottage, the evening music, and the intercourse with Trebonius and other Eisenach companions must end. Happy as Martin had been, he longed for something more than Eisenach could provide; and study at a university was needful to fit him for his future work in the world.

In the month of July 1501 he said good-bye to his friends, sang his last grateful song to Ursula Schweikard, and watched with her for the last time the setting of the sun at the end of the valley, and the evening light reddening the Wartburg towers, beneath which he had so often rambled on the hills. He left a good name behind him in Eisenach, and many good wishes followed him as he set out for the town of Erfurt, which his father arranged should be his next place of study.

By this time Hans Luther's prospects had so far improved, that he could afford to support his son through his university course. The news of Martin's success at Eisenach had filled his father and mother with happiness, and the one great hope of Hans Luther was to see his son Martin learned in the law and a famous man. Martin's great desire and aim was to carry out the expectation of his friends and prove his

gratitude in this manner to Ursula Schweikard, who had done so much for him.

The University at Erfurt was very celebrated, and contained more than one thousand students. In so large a company it was not difficult to find many associates with tastes similar to his own. There were hard workers there like himself, and others as fond of music as he, and these speedily became his companions. They used sometimes to gather together in Martin's room when the lectures for the day were over, and there they discussed what they had read or heard, and sang together, establishing musical parties which became celebrated through the whole University. Martin Luther was the life of all these gatherings, for his cleverness and cheerful social ways were much admired by all who knew him. But although he greatly enjoyed this pleasant companionship, he had other and still stronger tastes, which led him to spend most of his leisure time in the library of the University. Here he used to pull down one book after another, and read the author's name and glance at the contents, if he had time for nothing more. One day he was searching the library shelves in this manner, when he came upon a dusty volume hidden away in a dark corner. He pulled it out and looked at the title, and was amazed, on finding it was a Latin copy of the Bible, to see not only the fragments which he was used to hear read by the priests in church, but ever so much more, of the existence of which he had had no idea. Would you like to know what was the part over which he pored so earnestly that he

forgot time and place and all other interests in the Latin sentences, which happily it was no difficulty to him to read? It was the story of the child Samuel, whom his mother took to Eli the priest, that he might be given up as long as he lived to the service of the Lord in the temple.

This story seemed a grand one to Martin. Such an occupation appeared to him a very noble one, and made him think after all what would his studies, and his music, and the learned, perhaps famous, career he was preparing himself for, end in? 'If God would but give me such a book as this for my own!' he thought; and he returned to the library again and again, to pull the Bible from the dark hiding-place and read more and more. Perhaps you will wonder that, in addition to his many hours of close study, he found time for reading in the library and for musical parties with his friends. The secret was, he never wasted a moment. Every morning he began the day with prayer; and to pray well he used to say, was the better half of study. Then the well-used minutes mounted up to well-used hours, and the day's work was worth looking back upon.

When he had been two years at Erfurt, Martin took his first degree. After that honour was gained, he fell dangerously ill. Perhaps he had allowed himself too little rest at night, or perhaps the almost constant daily life of study that he had led for a few months before the degree was taken had been too much for him. However it might be, his friends feared for his life, and came to see him as they believed for the last time,

while Martin himself had no expectation of recovery. A good old priest, who had taken great interest in him ever since he had come to the University, often sat beside his bed. 'I shall be summoned hence soon,' said Martin to him one day. But the old man shook his head. He believed a useful life in this world was in store for the youth, and replied: 'Fear not, take courage, you will not die this time. Our God will yet make you the instrument of comfort to many others. For God lays His cross on those whom He loves, and those who bear it patiently gain much wisdom.'

The priest was not mistaken. Martin recovered and entered upon his studies again. He was working for a still higher degree, that of Doctor of Philosophy, and when he gained it a grand festival was held in his honour, and a torchlight procession took place through the streets of Erfurt. We may be sure there was great joy in the miner's cottage at Mansfeld and among Martin's friends at Eisenach when they heard the news. Ursula Schweikard's loving heart rejoiced over her adopted son, and Trebonius' faith increased in the future possibilities of the poor scholars under his care. Martin now began, according to his father's desire, to turn his attention specially to the study of the law; but he was no longer what he had been before his illness. The belief in some special calling was impressed on his mind; he did not feel satisfied with his life at college, however beloved and honoured he might be; and though he did not know the direction in which they led, the words of the old priest and the story of Samuel

seemed alike to suggest to him a different course of life.

One evening his college friends met together, at his invitation, in Martin Luther's rooms. They sang together and held arguments and discussions, and as usual, Martin's art and talent charmed every one; and the sweet sounds of the flute floated through the quiet night air, tempting the passers-by to stand and listen to its tones. When the enjoyment was at its height, Martin astonished the assembly by solemnly taking leave of them for ever. 'You see me to-day,' he said; 'after this you will see me no more.' Then he told them his determination to give up the honour and degrees he had gained, all his prospects for worldly success in the future, and to enter the Augustine monastery in Erfurt that very night as a monk. In vain his friends argued with him and implored him to reconsider the step. The deed which seemed so sudden to them had been in his thoughts for months past. Before the sun rose, Luther was within the thick convent walls. His college gown and the ring he had received with his doctor's degree he sent, with a farewell letter, to his parents, and, allowing himself two Latin books only of all that he possessed, he entered on his new life.

In reality, it was no sudden impulse that drove Martin Luther from his active career in the University to the seclusion of the monastery. Probably, if his friends had known this, they would not have vainly tried to recall him by their letters, or to gain admittance

to his convent cell. The fact was that for many months past, while he had been studying so hard to become wise, he had been longing still more to become holy. The thought of the young Samuel serving God in the temple never left him, and it still seemed to him an example of the life he ought to lead.

While he had been thus uneasy in mind, and full of fear lest he should be displeasing God by continuing in this course, so pleasant to himself, and so full of the interests and rich with the approval of the world, two or three events happened which led him to think earnestly of the uncertainty of life, and of the need to serve and please God on earth while there was yet time. One of these events was the sudden death of a student in the University, with whom he was intimate. In the midst of life and health, this young man, whose name was Alexius, had been killed in a fit of anger by some one whom he had offended. Not long afterwards, a terrible epidemic broke out in Erfurt. Numbers of people died, and Martin, leaving the city for a time at the request of his friends, was overtaken by a thunderstorm on his way home to Mansfeld, and a flash of lightning, narrowly missing him, struck the ground at his feet.

Martin called on the saints to help him. 'Death is so near me,' he thought, 'and yet I delay to serve God while I can!' From that moment he vowed to enter a monastery, and within a very short time he had called together his friends in the University and taken leave of them, as you have heard.

Perhaps it may seem strange to us that Martin Luther should have fancied that in order to serve God he must leave his daily life, and the work which each day clearly brought him, to seek for himself fresh scenes and other duties which had not been given him to do. To understand his act, we must place ourselves in his position. We must remember the ideas then common in the world, which he had been trained to believe. People had no thought, in those days, of the loving heavenly Father, who hears the whispered prayers of a little child, and who finds the unselfish acts of our daily lives the richest service we can pay to Him. Far from this, God was looked upon as an angry judge, who was to be appeased by the prayers and offerings of the monks and priests, or by the penances and pilgrimages performed at their command. Anxious for peace and pardon, and a happy life beyond the grave, people crowded to the convents and the priests with offerings of money and gifts, that in exchange they might gain their intercession for sins they had committed, be relieved from the penances which were too heavy to be borne, and be permitted to kiss the relics of the saints. So it was that the priests and monks came between God and men. There was a vast gulf between the Church and the world, and it was thought a religious life was only led by those who, holding some office in the Church, gave themselves up to the performance of all the rites and ceremonies she commanded to be observed.

It was no wonder that Luther, with his earnest

longing for a holy life, should be unwilling to trust to the intercessions of other men, and should determine to seek to serve God himself, in what he believed to be the most acceptable way.

Poor old Hans Luther, in his cottage at Mansfeld, was for a time almost broken-hearted by the news. He wrote angry, indignant letters to his son, and refused to listen to his wife and friends when they begged him to be willing to give up his greatest treasure to the Lord. Hans did not believe the Lord asked such a gift. He had seen too much of the wickedness of many of the monks to think that his son could really lead a spiritual and holy life with them. He would fall into wicked ways instead, he declared; and besides, there was the bitter disappointment of all his hopes for Martin's future career.

It grieved Martin greatly to be the cause of so much trouble, but it made no difference in his belief as to the right course for him to pursue; and this part of his story gives a great example to us in the smaller affairs of our daily lives. How often we see before us some duty to be done, or some evil habit to be given up, and we are inclined to hesitate and delay, and think there will be time enough by and by for the right act, or that the habit is of small importance while we are young. Meanwhile, time passes, and we forget; neglected opportunities multiply, and bad habits weave themselves more firmly into our character, and we prepare sad memories for ourselves in future time. Martin Luther believed his pleasant, honoured life in

the University was wrong, and at once he gave up, when he had clearly come to this decision, all his present joys, and, as it then seemed, all his future hopes and prospects.

A hard life awaited him in the convent. Like every other novice, he must sweep the church, clean the cells, and open and shut the gates; and when a month had passed, and the excitement about him had died away in the town, he was obliged to wander with his bread-bag through the streets, and beg alms for the monastery from door to door. He found a Bible in the convent, fastened to a desk by a chain; and in his leisure time he forsook the society of his fellow monks to read it, or shut himself in his gloomy cell to study Greek and Hebrew, that he might be better able to understand its meaning, by reading it in the original languages in which it was written.

I think he must have often missed the flute-playing, and the part-songs and happy meetings with his college friends; but he never allowed himself to dwell on these past delights. The earnestness which he had thrown into his school and college life, he now brought to bear upon his duties as a monk; and no work seemed too poor or mean for him, and no weariness prevented him from seizing every chance moment for study, to the neglect of food and sleep. For weeks together he used to pray or read in his cell, till the grey dawn, stealing in, summoned him to his hard tasks; and often a little bread was his only support during the day. Hoping to gain holiness by such means, he made daily confes-

sions, repeated long Latin prayers, fasted, and performed painful penances, and found no task too hard, if by its means he might hope to become a saint.

The young monk became worn and thin. His strength failed. He crept about the convent; and in his sadness and silence, no one would have recognised him for the prosperous young Doctor of Philosophy, of whom the University of Erfurt had been so proud. He had entered upon a so-called 'religious life,' and yet even within the walls of the holy convent he had not found peace.

By this time he had discovered that monks were not always saints. They did not always lead a spiritual life; and he noticed that their neglected prayers were sometimes said for them by those to whom they paid a certain sum of money for the act. There was too often a love of good living and idleness among them, and you may guess from this that they were not all longing, as Luther longed, to serve God with all their hearts. He himself, notwithstanding all his fasts and penances, was not at peace. In the solitude of his cell he used to fight against wrong thoughts and wishes, and many fancied, as well as real, sins oppressed him every day. In this religion, made up of rites and ceremonies, numbers of trifling rules were laid down to be obeyed. It was impossible to bear them all in mind; and yet, according to the decree of the Roman Catholic Church, each omission was a sin. In his daily confession to the priest, memory could not always recall such omissions, and yet one forgotten sin

unconfessed, it was declared, rendered the forgiveness granted by the priest of no value, and prayer useless.

To Martin Luther's tender conscience this burden was too heavy to be borne. He must believe the decrees of the Church, and penance and fasting seemed powerless to lessen the feeling of his sinfulness or to bring him nearer to peace with God. At length, worn out with perplexity and grief, he locked himself into his cell, and for many days and nights permitted no one to gain admittance to him. When the door was broken open by those anxious for his safety, he was found lying insensible on the ground. Perhaps the poor monk, waking to life again, thought the angels were about him in his dreary cell; for the young choristers of the convent, knowing his love of music, had gathered round him as he lay upon the cold stone floor, and were singing hymns to call him back to earth.

This monastic life was plainly not the religious life he longed to lead. But was it all a mistake, and could he trust the inward voice no more, if it seemed again to call him to make some great change in his life? In ancient times the Israelites' path led through the desert to reach the Promised Land. For Martin Luther, the monastic life was an experience through which God was leading him to find the real life he was designed to lead. He saw, in later years, how the seclusion and quiet of his cell had awakened in him needful qualities of mind, which, as a famous doctor in the University, he could never have acquired; and

often, when recalling the disappointments and griefs which he passed through in the convent, he saw that God had led him to become a monk, that, being taught by experience, he might be able to preach and write against all the evils of such a life.

Help came to lead him out of his perplexities. John Staupitz, the vicar-general, or inspector of all convents of the Augustine order in Germany, came to Erfurt to inquire into the state of the monks in that city. Although a young man, he had had much experience of monastic life, and the wickedness and idleness which he often discovered in different convents grieved him deeply. He had learned from his own experience to enter into the disappointments and perplexities of those who in earnest were seeking, like Martin Luther, after a holy life.

Staupitz had become aware of errors in the Roman Catholic faith, and though he never attempted to reform it, he always tried to lead the young monks under his care to a knowledge of the wider and more spiritual views that had given comfort to himself. So it was that, when he first saw the worn and sorrowful young monk, and was told the story of his life, his heart warmed to him; and by degrees, in the quiet convent cloisters, he gained from him a confession of his difficulties and doubts.

You may think how changed life seemed to Luther, when he gradually learned from this new friend to believe that holiness depended on his state of heart, and not on the observance of all the trifling rules and rites

which burdened his conscience every hour. Such rules, Staupitz told him, were only aids to a good life, not the life itself; and Luther began to trust the love and mercy of God, and to think he could perhaps serve and please Him in better ways than by trying to purchase forgiveness and a right to heaven by strict obedience to the rules of convent life.

Besides this, Staupitz was a wise man, and knew that our real happiness and goodness depend upon our leading the life God means us to lead. We have no fear or doubt of Him if we are trying to love and help other people; and even a child knows how he can drive gloom away by a kind act and useful deed. Martin Luther, in his cell, was fighting against fears which would have fled before a loving life; and his new friend saw he was wasting the time and talents God had given him.

'You must give up this convent life,' he said to Luther, 'and become a priest, that you may preach to and help other people, and forget yourself in working for them.' The young monk would have agreed to almost any proposal from him, so great was his faith in his advice; and when John Staupitz left the convent, he gave him the treasure he had longed for most, a copy of the Bible, and a new life of hope and work began for Luther. You will easily believe he did not shrink from any of the hard study that was considered needful to fit him to become a priest. The study of the Bible was always a delight to him; but that was not encouraged in the convent. Most of his time he

had to devote to reading the writings of the 'Schoolmen,'—learned men whose books were full of arguments on difficult but unimportant questions of belief, and of strict rules for the observance of all the ceremonial religion of which a priest's life was so full.

Reading thus continually of the holiness and safety which the Schoolmen supposed to spring for the priest from such a life, it was not easy always to bear in mind the comfort of the new thoughts which Staupitz had given to him.

In the year 1507 Luther's course of study was ended, and he was to be ordained a priest. It was very natural that he should often think at that time of his home, and should long for the sympathy of his old friends. With these feelings he wrote to his father, begging him to come to Erfurt, to be with him at his ordination, and leaving it to him to choose the time most convenient to himself. Hans Luther's anger had lessened as time had passed, and the recent death of two of his children made him long to see Martin, whom he dearly loved, again. Perhaps, too, some stories of his son's life in the convent might have reached him, proving that he was far from following an idle or wicked example. Hans agreed to the proposal; and on a bright Sunday in May 1507 the old miner rode up to the convent gate, with twenty attendants, and a present in his hand, to do his son all the honour in his power. 'God grant it may all be for the best,' said he at supper, when the day was over, and his son really a priest. Hans had not yet quite ceased to grieve over the lost

honour which would have resulted from the forsaken course of life. But there was no help for it now; and, leaving to the future to prove if the choice of a priest's life had been a wise choice, Hans and his twenty attendants rode home again.

No doubt the loving mother in her cottage at Mansfeld was waiting anxiously for news of her son; and when the little procession rode back into the quiet town, she met her husband joyfully, and had much to ask and hear.

No extraordinary work of usefulness opened out at once to the new priest, to prove his chosen life was right. The vicar-general, anxious to give him some practical work, sent him sometimes into the country places to preach to the ignorant peasants. On these journeys Luther used to meet with other priests bound on the same mission; and was often shocked by the want of reverence with which they spoke of sacred things, and by the way in which they deceived the people in religious matters, and traded on the fears they had aroused. Day after day, with the exception of this occasional work, he lived in the convent, and God seemed to have no special need for him in the Church. But all this time he was learning a lesson which every one must learn, that only God can tell the best life for each of us to lead.

In England, not many years after Luther died in Germany, the poet Milton was born. When a young man, he had great power in the government of the country; perhaps more than any one else possessed,

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Obedience to his superiors was one of the first duties of a monk. The vicar-general, who had suggested the scheme to the Elector, expressed his desire that the post should be accepted. Accordingly, Luther set forth at once, without even taking time to announce the change to his friends.

His way led him over broad plains, and by the windings of the river Elbe, until Wittemberg appeared in the distance, with low sand-hills lying to the north, and to the south a vast heath, through which the river wound its course, marked by the low willows that fringed its banks. Wittemberg was a great contrast to the town of Erfurt which Luther had just left. With the exception of the University, a poor building, and the large church of St. Ursula, the town was only a small collection of mean houses, deserving rather the name of a hamlet than a town. The small palace where the Elector sometimes lived was at a little distance in the country.

Luther's business in the University was to lecture on the writings of the Schoolmen, with which he had become so familiar in the convent at Erfurt. It was not work suited to him. As you know, he shrank from the unspiritual teachings of these books, and it was a hard task to spend his days in imparting to the people that which gave no kind of satisfaction to himself. But he was following no path of his own choice, and once more he found that where he walked in faith, he was being led by Providence. Within a year, having been earnest and thorough in his post, reaping all the harvest

except Oliver Cromwell, who was ruling at the time. In the midst of his activity, Milton became blind, and for some time it seemed as though all chance of a useful life had gone. But this was only for a time. Do you know what happened? Removed in this way from the active life he had loved so well, God filled his soul with beautiful thoughts, and he wrote grand poems, which would never have enriched the world if he had chosen his own path in life for himself.

One of Milton's most beautiful sayings, drawn from his own experience, was: 'They also serve who only stand and wait!' So, too, when Martin Luther waited in the convent for the work for which he had given up so much, and which seemed so long in coming, he spent no idle time. Doubtless his patience, and earnest, religious spirit, had a great, though it might be unseen, influence on his fellow monks; and he himself was gaining in his retired life a store of strength and wisdom for future use. When the right time came, God sent His work to him as He sent it to the patient blind man in England.

One day, about twelve months after he had become a priest, a message came to Luther from Frederick the Wise, the Elector or Prince of Saxony. This message caused great excitement in the convent, when it was known that it contained a summons to Luther to leave Erfurt at once, and travel to the town of Wittemberg on the river Elbe, more than one hundred miles away. Here a post as professor in the University awaited him, and a cell in the Augustine monastery in the town.

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he could from such a barren field of thought, a more fitting occupation was given to him; for Staupitz advised the Elector to make him lecturer on the Bible to the students in the University.

This was work to his heart's desire, and when every day, at one o'clock, he met his class, it was a welcome time both to the teacher and the taught. He had no longer to explain the Schoolmen's arguments on ancient creeds or meaningless rules; he spoke to his hearers on what touched his life and theirs, and drew lessons from the Bible such as had never entered their thoughts before, for it was yet a book little known or read. Students flocked to his lecture-room, and professors followed them, and Luther's power and energy increased each day.

Perhaps his success gladdened his distant friends, who must have been watching for all the news they could gain of him. Although we hear nothing of them in his life at this time, I am sure he had not forgotten the wise lessons of Trebonius, or his happy home in Ursula Schweikard's house. He must often have thought, too, of his old school-fellow John Reinecke, and have wondered if their divided paths in life would meet again. At this time, Luther always had the support and encouragement of one firm friend. This was the Vicar-General Staupitz, who was in perfect sympathy with Luther's thoughts, and shared his distaste for a great part of the beliefs generally held.

Perhaps the vicar-general would have been a finer man, if, like Luther, he had tried to teach the purer

faith he held. But we must bear in mind, when comparing them, the difference in their forms of character. Staupitz was a gentle, sensitive man, shrinking from contest and dispute, while earnest and honest at heart. Martin Luther was braver and more fearless. He had passed through struggles and sufferings, and this discipline had made him strong and enduring. Staupitz could sympathize with and help the troubled souls that asked his aid; but he could not reform a Church or preach a new religion to a crowd. One thing we must remember, that he strengthened Luther for his work. Only to a few does God send a great mission; but to all of us He gives the power of sympathy, and to all of us He sends opportunities to uphold and encourage those who can be more useful than ourselves. Staupitz always used these opportunities, and Luther owed very much to the help and counsel of this faithful friend.

Within the convent walls lay an old grassy garden, where the monks used to wander at their will and read their missals, as they paced the winding walks. One afternoon Luther sat there with the vicar-general under the shade of a pear-tree, talking to him of the work which was so dear to him. Staupitz listened and sympathized; and at length, as was sometimes his wont, pointed out a new way of usefulness to Luther, and told him his present work, though good, was only a part of that which lay in his power. 'You must preach to the people,' he said, 'and tell them more about the Bible, that is so new a book to them, than you are able to do

in your lecture hour. Call them together and tell them of the love of God, and of the faith by which the just may live, and which is better than all penances and numbered beads.' This was the kind of argument he used; but to Luther, who had till then only preached to a few ignorant peasants, the idea was new and unwelcome. It seemed to him a comparatively easy thing to lecture on the Bible to those whom he was appointed to teach; but it was another thing to speak unasked on religious matters, and perhaps to destroy belief in the love of which his hearers had grown up.

'This is no trifling thing you ask of me,' he answered, 'to appear in the place of God before the people, and preach to them.' For a long time all the vicar's arguments were unavailing. 'You will kill me, Dr. Staupitz,' he said at length; 'I cannot live under it for three months.' 'Very well,' replied the vicar; 'nevertheless in God's name go on! Our Lord God hath many great things to do. He hath need of helpers in heaven as well as on earth.'

The sunshine flickered through the pear-tree branches on the ground, and the summer wind played softly on the young priest's head as he sat and thought. Everything about him looked bright and hopeful, and other influences besides those of the beautiful outside world were acting on him. The earnestness of his friend, and the whispers of his conscience, bidding him neglect no chance to do God's work, were moving his soul, and he agreed to Dr. Staupitz' wish.

In a little old wooden chapel belonging to the

monastery, standing on rough-hewn planks with a ruined roof above him, and a few monks for his hearers, Luther preached his first sermon. Filled with earnestness, he forgot his former fears. 'I thought the people only so many blocks before me, and I spoke out the words of my God,' he said afterwards. No one wondered that next time he preached the wooden chapel would not hold the crowd; or thought it strange to see him preaching in the parish church, while the disappointed people turned away from the doors because the building was still too small. A wise professor, called 'the light of the world,' came to hear him from a distance.

'This monk will put all the doctors to shame; he will bring in a new doctrine and reform the Church,' said the professor as he came away.

It was in reality no new doctrine that Luther taught, though it seemed so to the people who had been led by the priests. In the quiet Erfurt cloisters, where Staupitz had given him fresh hope, the forgotten meaning of words spoken by our Lord in Palestine, so many centuries ago, dawned on the anxious monk. In Martin Luther's heart, the thoughts once given, strengthened; and he taught his hearers that a religious spirit made a religious man, and not the performance of penances and offerings of gifts, or payments for the prayers of other men. He told the people of the Saviour's holy life and death, and of the heavenly love which asks no penances or life of fear from men, but a loving trust and a holy soul within.

This was the nature of the faith into which Luther had won his way. Of course there were special points of doctrine, such as always spring from a man's style of mind, or education, or surroundings, with all of which, perhaps, we might not all agree. In this book, however, we have nothing to do with special creeds. The beauty of a life does not depend upon them; and the lessons Martin Luther's story teaches us arise from the loving faith which filled his soul, and could not fail to influence his deeds.

Now it happened at this time that a dispute arose in the Augustine convents in Germany, which could only be decided by an appeal to the pope. The eloquent preacher in Wittemberg seemed the most suitable man for this mission, and he was accordingly sent on the distant journey to Rome. Although he might regret the interruption to his work in Wittemberg, he was filled with joyful expectation of all that awaited him in his visit. Rome was a holy city to a Roman Catholic, and all that was most sacred in his faith centred there. It was the dwelling-place of the pope, the head of the whole Church, and it was the burial-place of many martyrs and saints. If there were evils in the lives of monks and priests in Germany, and if the religion taught there did not satisfy his wants, Luther believed that in Rome all would be different, and there the Roman Catholic faith would prove to be all that he required. With these hopes he travelled to the Alps, and crossing the snowy passes, came in sight of the wide plains and shining lakes of Italy.

Passing through Lombardy, he rested at a convent not far from the town of Milan. Filled with the thought of the unselfish life of the Son of man, who had not where to lay His head, and with the belief that a true and faithful monk would seek to follow His example, Luther was shocked to find this monastery built of marble, containing beautifully furnished rooms, while the monks who inhabited it wore rich dresses, and feasted sumptuously every day. Continuing his journey, he visited one convent after another, and found similar luxuries in each. He had met with selfishness and an idle spirit in many monks at home, but never before had he known whole convents given up thus to ease and pleasure-seeking. His own convent in Wittemberg was a great contrast to such as these, with its poor cells and life of toil; and Luther could not conceal his disapproval, and spoke the rebuke his conscience prompted him to make. Perhaps those whom he blamed felt his words were just. However this might be, they were very angry, and, refusing to listen to his reproaches, drove him away with threatenings and abuse. It is said that the revengeful monks mixed poison in his food; for as he went on his way through Italy, he fell dangerously ill.

For many days he lay expecting death, disappointed at heart by all that he had seen, and suffering greatly from the effect of the burning sun and the pestilent night air of that part of Italy. Before he had properly recovered, he set forth on his journey again. His hopes rose as he came in sight of Rome, and he fell

on his knees when his eyes rested on the foremost buildings and the unfinished towers of St. Peter's Church, which lay beyond. He held mass as soon as he entered the city, and before long, every holy place and sacred relic which pilgrims flocked to see had been visited by him.

There is no need to tell much about Luther's stay in Rome. He was there a fortnight, and gradually in that time his hopes faded and disappointments took their place. The priests hurried over the masses that they held, and made light in private of all that in public they professed to hold sacred. Nor was this irreligion confined to the priests. Bishops and prelates, with whom, in honour of his mission, he was asked to dine, shocked him no less; and all Rome was filled with memories of the wickedness of popes, who he, till then, had believed could do no sin. The 'relics' which he visited, and for the sight of which money was poured by the pilgrims into the coffers of the Church, he discovered to be no relics at all, but new proofs of the deception of the priests. Still, longing to be faithful to the commands of the Church, one day with other pilgrims he began to ascend on his knees the high steps to the altar in St. Peter's Church, for which deed forgiveness of past sins was granted. As he toiled upwards, like a voice from heaven the words of St. Paul came to his remembrance: 'The just shall live by faith;' and he rose up and went on his way, convinced that no pope's command could make such an act an atonement for even one evil deed.

When his mission to Rome was ended, he turned back again to Germany. What should he do? The Roman Catholic Church was no longer the true Church for him; and the pope's commands, when contrary to the dictates of his own conscience and the Bible words he now knew so well, could be no more to him than those of any other man. For the future, nothing could come between his own soul and God. This truth which he had found for himself he must now teach to all the world.

Luther did not say much to any one on his return to Wittemberg of his disappointment, or his diminished faith in the Roman Catholic religion. The way had opened gradually for him in his life so far, and he was not anxious to open out hurriedly any new path for himself. Soon afterward, the Elector and his friend the vicar-general offered him the title of 'Doctor of the Bible,' giving him with it a still greater freedom in interpreting the Bible teachings, and requiring from him a vow to defend it with all his might, and teach it faithfully. With this new honour he seemed to himself to gain the right of using his own judgment in interpretation, unfettered by the dictates of the Church. He was too poor, however, to undertake the expenses which the acceptance of the title would bring, and the Elector promised to be answerable for the costs. If Luther had not refused all fees for his lectures, he would have been a wealthy man. But he declined to profit by teaching the truth, and lived on the poor fare of the convent; while, as regards his

clothing, his shabby gown was now and then replaced by the gift of a new one from the Elector. No wonder that the luxurious monks of Italy had shocked him!

About this time Luther found again an old college friend, who had been with him in the University at Erfurt. This was Spalatin, the chaplain to Frederick the Wise. He was not unlike Dr. Staupitz in character, being sensitive and retiring, and Luther's bravery and moral courage had a great charm for him. Spalatin had been a pastor among the Thuringian hills, entering into the quiet life of his peasant flock; and when the Elector brought him to his court and made him chaplain and tutor to his nephew, the sudden change in his life and habits was painful to him. He was still longing for the quiet and peace of his former existence, when Luther met him again, and tried to encourage him in his new work, and to lead him to value the greater field of influence which he might have in the court of the Elector.

When the vicar-general's sympathy aided the poor harassed monk in the Erfurt convent, its influence did not stop there. It sent the monk out into the world to help thousands of others; and the words spoken in the cloister came to have a far greater influence than the speaker had ever dreamt. The words we speak and the acts we do to-day, that pass from our remembrance and seem so trifling at the time, are followed by good or evil results which we shall know hereafter; and we cannot tell how much

of Luther's influence on the world might have been wanting, if the vicar-general had been less faithful in using the opportunities which came in his way.

I should think that Luther, remembering his own perplexities and trials as a monk, must have been glad when a command came to him to take the post of Dr. Staupitz as vicar-general for eighteen months. The Doctor was required for other work; and Luther entered earnestly into the new occupation, and visited all the convents in his care, altering abuses, settling quarrels, and above all, trying to give to young monks the same help and guidance he had himself received. Thus the seed of the new doctrine, little known in the world, was sown in quiet places, where thoughtful men might ponder, and whence in after time they might go forth to teach.

At the end of eighteen months Luther returned to his work in the University; but he found a change at Wittemberg. Houses were standing empty, and sad faces were seen in the streets, and men hurried on their way, scarcely daring to stay to greet their friends. A terrible pestilence had broken out, and each day many deaths occurred. His friends begged Luther to flee from the danger.

'I hope the world won't come to an end if Brother Martin dies,' he said. 'If the pestilence spreads, I shall disperse the brothers in every direction; but as for me, my place is here. Duty will not permit me to desert my post, till He who has called me to it shall summon me away. Not that I have no fear of

death, but I hope the Lord will deliver me from fear.'

Other anxiety than that caused by the plague was oppressing Luther at this time; and this anxiety lasted long after the plague had disappeared, and the scattered people had returned to their deserted houses. To understand the nature of this trouble, you must know that Leo X., then reigning at Rome, was a pope who, in his efforts to enrich his church and city, needed money for the buildings he raised, especially for the great Cathedral of St. Peter, then building, and for the collections of scientific and literary treasures which he made. This money, so far, he had acquired in great measure from the crowds of pilgrims who came to Rome and other cities at stated times which he appointed, and who then paid large sums for the sight of relics, and for the absolution of their sins. But this was not sufficient. The scheme was enlarged. It was announced that pilgrims had no need to trouble themselves to take so long a journey as in old times. Money paid at home to messengers sent by the pope would serve the same purpose, and those faithful people who gave sums towards the building of a church of God should receive thus at stated times forgiveness of all past sins.

During his journeys to the different convents, Luther had heard vague reports of the action of this new system in Germany. It was a fresh proof of the evils in the popular faith, and it is not surprising that these reports gave him great anxiety. You will believe it

was strange news to hear of these messengers of the pope, that an old man, with tall, upright figure, and a strong voice, clothed in a monk's dress, alighting from his travelling carriage with two companions, entered the German villages and towns, crying out, 'The grace of God and the Holy Father is at your gates.' Stranger still to hear that men and women, priests and monks, flocked out to meet these messengers, with bells and banners and lighted tapers, and accompanied them into the church amid the smoke of incense, while many voices joined in hymns and prayers. With a huge cross lifted on high, and the pope's parchment message on a crimson cushion before him, the monk entered the pulpit, and repeating a long list of crimes, cried out to the people: 'All this is forgiven the moment your money clinks in the pope's chest.' To their very doors, he proclaimed to them, the pope had sent this chance of pardon for their sins, no matter how many or how great they might be. The payment of sums, of which the pope's messenger fixed the amount, was all that was required. Repentance and the promise of a better life were not needed; the pope's faithful children might help to build a new temple for the Lord, and by this means all their guilt was wiped away. Not only so; peace of mind might be ensured by the gifts of the living to their departed friends who had sinned on earth; and rich and poor, welcoming the news with joy, poured the demanded sums into the treasure-box, went home, and with light hearts led evil lives again, and hoped for fresh absolution in the future.

The monks sent to the dwellings of the wealthy, or high-born people who were too proud to mingle with the poorer townsfolk in the church, and large amounts of money were gathered in wherever the messengers of the pope arrived. Only a few people suspected, what was indeed the truth, that the monk Tetzel, who could preach such a terrible doctrine, was no honest man himself. Only a part of the wealth he thus collected reached Rome. He and his companions feasted when their day's work was over, and many a poor, ignorant peasant's earnings went for the luxuries they enjoyed, or an indulgence letter given to the host paid the reckoning at the inn.

When these reports reached Luther, the teachings of the Bible, always in his remembrance, told a very different tale to him. They spoke to him of the repentance which God requires from men, and of the changed life which must always prove their sorrow for past sins. More heartily than ever he grieved for the poor, ignorant people, who had no one to teach them the real will of God; and more earnestly than ever he preached and lectured on the Bible, and taught his hearers that the doctrine of penances and gifts as offerings for sin was false and useless.

The evil that he had dreaded as a rumour only, was soon made known to him as a fact. One day he took his place, as was his custom, in the confessional of the church, and waited for the penitents who came to him for comfort and advice. To his dismay, he found that the new doctrine had reached Wittemberg. Letters of

indulgence obtained from the monk Tetzel in a village not far away were shown to him when he asked for the promise to repent and lead a better life. It was no easy task to prove that the forgiveness they had sometimes paid so much for was all a sham, and that there could be no peace or pardon for any one on any terms but those he asked.

In his cell he pondered sadly over the matter. What could one man do against the pope's decree? Dare he set himself up against the authority of the Church? He did not long doubt. Anxious to endanger none of his friends, he asked no advice. When the festival of All-Saints was held in a day or two, and thousands of pilgrims poured into Wittemberg to gaze on the numerous relics in glass and golden shrines in the great parish church, he made his way through the gathering throng, and nailed on the great door, before their wondering gaze, a parchment, containing ninety-five objections to the purchase of indulgence for their sins. Then with a loud voice he proclaimed that he was ready to answer any opponent who would meet him in the University next day, and went back alone to his cell.

You can imagine what the people learned when they pressed up to read the 'theses,' as his ninety-five propositions were called. No one came next day to reply to Luther in the University. Possibly no one came to him in his cell on All-Saints day when his brave act was done. The whole town was filled with amazement, as the story spread from one to another. Luther did not

know what would be the result as he waited in his solitude. Sometimes the hours men call the most lonely are really the most rich and full. It was no human strength that helped Luther to act against the pope and all the world, and it was no human sympathy and companionship that filled his heart with joy, and made his gloomy cell a peaceful retreat.

Before very long he learned something of the result. Many pilgrims took back with them to their far off homes copies of his theses, instead of the indulgence letters for which they had come. In a month, the theses had reached the pope's court in Rome, and in less than that time Tetzel was drawing attention to Luther's views, by burning them in the market-places of the German towns. The angry inhabitants of Wittemberg burned Tetzel's reply, and many of the poor and ignorant people of Germany learned to believe, as Luther told them, that money was better spent in feeding the poor than in building a church, and that *penitence* only could wipe away their sins.

The great men of the land held back from the new opinions. They feared to offend the pope; and the German Emperor, Maximilian, who had reasons of his own for wishing to keep the favour of Rome, proposed that Luther should answer for his conduct before the pope. The Elector, Frederick the Wise, feared any disturbance of the peace, and told Luther again and again of the uneasiness he felt. The prior of the Wittemberg convent besought him to cease from bringing disgrace on the Augustine order to which he

belonged. Idle monks, who loved only good cheer and feasting in their monasteries, were filled with anger; but the earnest, self-denying monks rejoiced. To all Luther made reply: 'Dear friends, if this work is not of God, it will come to nought; but if it be, let it go forward.'

It is in time of trials and perplexity that a man's true character is displayed. Our inner spirit is shown by our deeds when the call for action comes. It is an easy matter to form good resolutions, and to think how bravely and truly we would act if opportunity should occur; but it is not so easy to be ready for the opportunity when it comes, and to carry out our thoughts into deeds. It grieved Luther to find that the man from whom he had learned the higher faith shrank back timidly when the time came to preach it to the world. The vicar-general feared the consequences of declaring the truth, and had not the moral courage of Luther, or the faith which led him to trust results to God. Luther wrote to Dr. Staupitz, telling him how he owed to him his first glimpse of the truth, and how afterwards the journey to Rome and Tetzel's indulgence sales had opened his eyes to the errors of the Church, till he could keep silence no longer. He wrote also a respectful letter to the pope, hoping to persuade him of the wickedness of Tetzel's work, and of the justice of his own action in the matter. This letter did not, however, have the desired effect. The Emperor's suggestion and Tetzel's angry complaints had more influence at Rome, and Luther was com-

manded to appear before Leo X., to answer for the disturbance he had made.

The story of the martyrdom of John Huss, who had been summoned in a similar way to judgment, was in the memory of Luther and his friends. They felt sure that this call to Rome was a trick of his enemies to gain possession of him, and must end, as in the case of Huss at Constance, with his death. Spalatin persuaded the Elector to use his influence with the pope to have the place of trial changed to some German town. The students of Wittemberg, alarmed for their master's safety, also petitioned Leo, and all who cared for Luther waited anxiously for the pope's reply.

Just at this time, when Luther was needing so much the help and sympathy of his friends, and when perhaps he most felt the want of Dr. Staupitz' encouragement, a young man took up his abode in Wittemberg, who speedily became to Luther all that any man in the world could be.

Twenty years before, when Martin Luther was singing carols in the streets of Magdeburg and Eisenach, and leading a hard life to gain the learning that he craved, a young child named Philip Schwartzerd was growing up in a happy home in the town of Bretten, in the south-west of Germany. His father was an armour maker, famous for his clever workmanship, but still better known for his honesty, and the good and charitable life he led. His mother, also, was a good woman; and Philip, growing up with such examples always before him, gained right thoughts and

high principles, and learned to carry them out in deeds. No trouble came near his sheltered, peaceful life till he was eleven years of age, and then the honest armourer died. Philip, in later years, never forgot how, crying bitterly, he was called for the last time to his father's bedside, when the old man, raising himself on his pillows, in feeble tones prayed God to direct and guide his boy, for he foresaw terrible trouble about to shake the world. Philip was sent to the house of some relatives, and there in a few days he was told of his father's death. These relatives continued to bring him up, and in his new life he forgot none of the lessons he had learned in his old home. Its loving influence followed him, and made him diligent in school, and honest and true at heart; and while Luther was battling his way to the knowledge of the Bible teachings in his convent cell, Philip Schwartzerd was gaining a knowledge of the original languages in which the Bible was written, and surprising every one by his talent and perseverance.

A famous man, named Reuchlin, admired his energy, and helped him in his work; and when, while still very young, a call came to him to become Greek Professor at Wittemberg University, Reuchlin rejoiced greatly. At that time, and for fifty years past, since the downfall of the Greek empire, the study of the Greek language and literature had been entered upon in Germany, and learned men had fallen into the habit of changing their names from German to Greek words having the same meaning. In joyful recognition of his talents, Reuchlin

followed this custom, and gave to Philip Schwartzerd the Greek name 'Melancthon,' having the same meaning that his own name possessed, that of 'black earth;' and by this new name Philip was hereafter always called.

Students at Wittemberg doubted at first whether the new Greek professor were really fit for his post. He was short in stature, and slightly made, with a boyish, timid appearance, very different from that of the strong, manly Dr. Luther who had so thoroughly gained their confidence. But Luther discovered Melancthon's power when he had heard his first address, and wrote to the Elector in his praise, and sent students to his lecture-hall; and soon the new professor's classes were crowded every day. 'We are as busy as ants,' Luther wrote of the University work; and strangers came to the town, attracted by the fame of the two professors, and went home, when they had heard them lecture, thanking God for the light that was dawning upon Germany from the University at Wittemberg.

When the classes were over, and the lecture-halls closed for the night, Melancthon used to visit Luther's cell, and hear from him the thoughts which filled his mind, from which Dr. Staupitz turned away in fear. In return, Melancthon, with his knowledge of Greek, used to help Luther to find the true meaning of some puzzling verse in the epistles; and together the two friends began to translate the Bible into German, that in time the ignorant people of the land might read it for themselves.

Melancthon had no words of fear or doubt to deaden Luther's courage. He always said: 'Let the work go on, and let me help in it where I can.' You will hear how, when his duty permitted it, he stood by Luther in the time of trial, and, when unable to be with him, spoke boldly in defence of the truth they both loved. Doubtless people living at Wittemberg at that time, seeing the strong friendship which sprang up between the two men, called it a happy chance that they had both come to the same town, and entered on the same kind of work. Those who read the whole story of their lives and the history of the great Reformation, which owed so much to both, will see in the friendship thus brought about, not a mere fortunate chance, but rather a proof of the overruling Providence that orders all our ways.

Possibly, Luther's friends felt more uneasiness about his approaching trial than he did himself. Those who make earnest and diligent use of the present time are not apt to be troubled with idle fears for their future. Luther was doing each day the work God plainly sent him, and he had no cause to fear that this safe guidance would cease.

Not satisfied with preaching to grown-up people, and lecturing to the students of the University, Luther gathered the little children of Wittemberg together and taught them the Lord's Prayer, and the meaning in their own German tongue of those words which hitherto had been of such little value to them. In the work of education it is not only the learners who benefit; the teacher often gains something from the taught. Pro-

bably Luther gained from this class that which discussion with the clearest intellect among the students could not give him. The simple natural faith which children possess, and which makes religious truth so real to them, no doubt reacted on the mind of the teacher, whose outspoken life required so strong a faith, and gave him greater confidence in the deliverance from evil and the gift of daily bread for which the prayer asks.

In the midst of this work, when Luther and his friends were almost beginning to hope that the anger of the pope had passed, and that no further notice of the theses would be taken, a summons came to him to attend a 'Diet' or Church Congress at Augsburg in Bavaria, there to receive judgment from the pope's legate, De Vio.

'Come and hide yourself in my convent,' wrote the timid Dr. Staupitz, who knew the character of the pope's messenger, and that he would willingly take Luther captive if he could and carry him to Rome. This advice, you may be sure, was not to Luther's mind, and was very different from the counsel which Melancthon gave. The proposal of Dr. Staupitz was not accepted; neither was Luther turned from his purpose by the reports which reached Wittemberg of the papal command given to the legate to take him if possible prisoner, and to excommunicate all who gave him shelter or defended him from the pope's anger.

On an autumn morning in 1518 Luther set out from his convent on his journey to Augsburg. Almost as poor as when a boy, he travelled on foot, and in a worn-

out gown; for the Elector had lately been less careful of his needs. The day was breaking when he reached the gates of the town. There in the dawning light waited men, women, and children, to do him honour and cheer him on his way; and as his figure came in sight out of the narrow, gloomy streets, a multitude of friendly voices cried, 'Luther for ever!' 'Christ for ever and His word!' he answered, as he looked round on the faces that had become dear and familiar to him. 'Courage, master, and God help you,' said those nearest in the crowd, as they pressed up to touch his hand or gown. 'Amen,' replied Luther; and then he passed through the gates and cheerfully waved his farewell to those whom he was leaving, while Melancthon and his nearest friends accompanied him some miles on his way, till the full daylight had chased the shadows from his path.

When, after two or three days, he reached the famous city of Weimar, he found that the Elector was holding his court there, and a great festival filled the town with strangers. With the Elector's permission he preached in the crowded church on some of the evils in the Church which needed reformation. The monks of the convent where he stayed wondered at their fearless guest, and one of them warned him before he left of the dangers he was running, in these words:

'Oh, my dear doctor, the Italians whom you will meet in Augsburg are very learned men; I fear you will not be able to gain your cause with them, and they will put you to the flames.'

'Dear friend,' answered Luther, 'pray to our Lord God, who is in heaven, that He will show me mercy. If He will maintain my cause, let it be maintained. If He will not maintain it, then I will not maintain it. I will let Him see to that.'

When more than half his journey was done, his way led through broad meadows and by the bank of the river Pegnitz, to the town of Nuremberg, where a hearty welcome awaited him. The quaint, gabled town was full of beauty, and as he wandered through it with his friend, the famous artist Albert Dürer, something beside his wonderful carvings gladdened him; for the sculptor, filled with the love of art, knew that religion must also enrich the lives and homes of men, and had often written to Luther, encouraging him to try to purify the faith they held. Another friend, also, awaited him in Nuremberg,—one who had been a cobbler among the poorer people of the town; who, gazing at the distant Franconian mountains as he sat at work, learned to care for interests wider than those of his own needs and toil, and hearing of Luther's words and deeds in Wittemberg, repeated them again in hymns and poems to his fellow-townsmen, and at last all German people knew the name of 'Hans Sachs, the cobbler bard.'

Luther had company for the rest of his journey. His friends at Nuremberg would not hear of his going to Augsburg alone. Dr. Link, a preacher in the town, and a monk accompanied him; and when, as soon happened, he was seized with illness on the road, they

took care of him, and conveyed him in a carriage to his journey's end. Immediately he sent word to the legate of his arrival, and Dr. Staupitz, who had not left the town after the Diet was ended, came to him in the convent where he stayed.

It would be needless to repeat all that befell Luther during the five or six days he stayed at Augsburg. Two councillors from the Emperor met him here with the imperial safe-conduct for his protection, and he was conducted into the presence of the cardinal. In this interview he was again and again required to retract his opinions, to promise to preach no such doctrines in the future, nor to teach anything contrary to the authority of the Church. The cardinal refused the public discussion on his doctrines which Luther sought, and announced none of the points on which he was accused. As Luther left his presence, his last words were, 'Recant, or return no more;' and all felt that nothing had resulted from the interview. Dr. Staupitz afterwards arranged that the doctrines which Luther was required to renounce should be sent to him in writing, but he and his friends waited in vain for the arrival of the papers; and meanwhile reports reached them that the legate, regardless of the Emperor's safe-conduct, was about to throw them all into prison.

After this report it was thought well that Dr. Staupitz, the two friends from Nuremberg, and the councillors should save themselves by flight. Luther refused to leave Augsburg with them, and on the last evening that they spent together, at his request they joined in

celebrating the Lord's Supper, and next day he was left to await the arrival of the cardinal's papers alone. Two or three days passed, and no message came. Then Luther wrote to the cardinal, telling him he would renounce all that his conscience would permit, but to please no one would he act against his conscience. Still no reply. It seemed plain that some treachery was intended. Acting on the advice of his Augsburg councillors, Luther departed from the town at night, leaving an appeal addressed 'to the pope, better informed,' to be nailed on the convent gates, and also leaving a letter to the cardinal, to be delivered after his departure. 'Your reverence,' so the letter read, 'has seen my obedience in this great journey I have undertaken, infirm as I am in body, and poor, without means of living. I cannot stay longer here, losing my time and being chargeable to the dear friends who have lodged me; I go, therefore, confiding in God.'

His homeward journey was hasty and wearisome. In the middle of the night he mounted a pony which Dr. Staupitz had left for him, and was led through the dark, silent streets by one of the magistrates of the town, to a little postern gate; and then on through the country he rode for forty miles in his monk's dress, and fell on the straw of the stable when he alighted from his horse at night.

The cardinal's rage was great when he found his intended prisoner had escaped. What would they say at Rome? was his first thought; and he wrote angry letters to the Elector, charging him to send Luther out

of his dominions, or deliver him up to Rome. This was the welcome that greeted Luther on his return to Wittemberg. The Elector sent him the letter, and Luther replied that, 'Lest some evil should befall the Elector, he would forsake Wittemberg, and go wherever God should lead, submitting to His will whatever should befall.'

It was sad to think of giving up his work in the University; but Luther was yet more sorry to take leave of the congregation to whom he had so often preached. There were many sorrowful hearts in the parish church of Wittemberg one Sunday morning, when Luther spoke from his pulpit thus: 'I am, in these times, as you well know, an irregular preacher, having often gone away without taking leave of you. Lest that should ever take place again, I will now say farewell. In case I should not return, do not be alarmed if you hear the pope's anger is turned against me. Do not blame the pope or bear any ill-will to him, or to any other man; but trust all to God.'

Many years before, in Erfurt, Luther had gathered together a little company of friends and said good-bye to them, and to their life, which he had shared. Now, when the Elector's reply came bidding him hasten away from his dominions, another company met together in Wittemberg with Luther in their midst. Many eyes were wet with tears, as all wondered what would become of the friend who had now no home on earth. Still Luther's courage never failed. 'When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up,' he

said, and tried to cheer their despondency. You may think how great was the general joy, when, before the evening ended, a letter from the Elector was handed to Luther, and he read to them that a new legate from the pope hoped to arrange matters by another conference, and therefore the Elector desired him to remain at Wittemberg for the present. The students in the University had again appealed in his behalf, and the lectures and classes were continued as before.

Luther busied himself at this time in writing many pamphlets, by which means his opinions became widely known in other countries besides Germany. So great was the general eagerness to obtain these writings, that people used to hurry with them from the printers while the ink was still wet upon the page; and men, formerly monks, who had learned from Luther the evils of monastic life, used to earn a living by selling them to the dwellers in country places. Luther had passed on from the doctrine of indulgences, to point out the necessity for reformation in many other popular beliefs. The excitement he had thus aroused in the land was greatly increased when Charles de Miltitz, the pope's new legate, left Rome, and summoned Luther to meet him at the town of Altenburg.

Miltitz was the bearer to the Elector of a golden rose from the pope. This present was a sign of the pope's esteem, and was presented by him each year to one of the chief princes in Europe. During the last four years the Elector had earnestly petitioned

for it. It was considered a proof that the receiver was held to be a faithful son of the Church, and no doubt was intended by the pope on this occasion as a bribe to the Elector to renounce Luther's cause. Miltitz was surprised to learn, as he passed through the German towns on his way to the Elector's court, how wide-spread was the popular sympathy for Luther and his doctrines. He was still more surprised, on his arrival there, to find that Spalatin, the Elector's secretary, and an old friend of his own, had also taken Luther's part, and to hear from him bitter complaints of the falsehoods and thefts of the monk Tetzel.

The legate summoned Tetzel to appear before him to answer to these charges; but you will not wonder to hear that he was a coward as well as a wicked man, and answered that he feared Luther and his friends too much to venture from the hiding-place where he had taken refuge. The miserable man's end was near. Despising his weakness, the legate went to him, and witnesses speedily proved his theft of the money gained by the indulgence sales. Of course the anger of the pope's messenger was great, and the threat of the pope's anger very dreadful to the conscience-stricken man. He was filled with despair and shame, which so acted on his health that he died miserably not long afterwards. Luther was told of his old adversary's disgrace. No payments of money or fast or penance could give Tetzel peace of mind, and Luther felt very sorry for

the miserable state of the sinner with whose sin he had been so indignant. During the few months in which Tetzel lingered, cast off by the pope and by his former friends, Luther wrote comforting letters to him, telling him of the divine forgiveness which penitence and faith will bring.

Before his death, Tetzel learned what great courage the possession of a good conscience gives. Luther had no fear of setting out to meet the legate of the pope, notwithstanding the risk he had run at Augsburg. He knew that, though Tetzel might be condemned for theft, the pope's anger was not lessened towards himself; and, as on a former occasion, his friends trembled for his safety. Fresh surprises awaited Miltitz on his arrival at the place of meeting: he had not expected to meet a strong, eloquent man.

'If I had twenty-five thousand men, I should not be able to carry you to Rome,' he said, when he had heard Luther's defence, and his bold refusal to retract any statement he had made. Perhaps some cunning partly regulated the behaviour of the legate. He may have hoped, as he could not hush Luther by violent means, to do so by flattery; and he invited him to supper parties, and parted from him in the German fashion, with a friendly kiss.

Luther was not to be gained over by such means. He distrusted the legate's advances, and wrote again to the pope, repeating what he had said to his messenger, that the Church must be purged from her evil doctrines,

and that he could retract no condemnation that he had written or spoken. 'What makes this man so bold?' was the question asked by hundreds who stood in awe of the pope and his authority; some people answered, 'He trusts in the Elector;' others, 'He trusts in the Emperor;' and different reasons of a similar nature were given for his bravery. Their surmises were all wrong. St. Paul's words, 'The just shall live by faith,' were always in his mind; and those whom Luther taught at Wittemberg knew the true secret of his courage. Like St. Paul, Luther had learned to believe that he could do all things through Christ, who strengthened him.

For a time, the pope's attention was diverted from the troublesome German monk by two important interests. One of these was the increasing power of the Turks, who threatened to overrun Europe; and the other, the selection of a new German Emperor, as successor to Maximilian, whose death had just occurred. The Elector, Frederick the Wise, had great influence in Germany on this matter, and, indeed, the imperial crown was offered to him, but he refused to accept it. With this increase of power, he no longer feared the pope as he had formerly done, and Luther heard no more at present of the need to leave the Elector's dominions.

In the year 1520, the powerful King Charles v. of Spain was chosen Emperor of Germany, and Luther knew that before long he must come in contact with a stronger authority than Maximilian had possessed. Meanwhile, Luther was invited to Leipsig, for a dis-

cussion with the learned Dr. Eck, of Ingolstadz University, in Bavaria. The subject of the discussion was the question of the supremacy of the pope, Dr. Eck upholding him as the acknowledged head of the Church, against whose word and judgment no man had a right to contend. Melancthon took part with Luther in the controversy, travelled with him to Leipsig, sat by him in the hall, supported his views by his learned arguments, and never left his side as he went about the city each day to and from the meetings. Thousands of people, who had assembled to see the reformer who was making so great a stir in the world, observed the close sympathy of these earnest friends. This new controversy caused great excitement. His boldness of speech gained Luther many enemies, though it also strengthened his cause in the view of those who were already his friends. A new aspect of affairs presented itself, when, after the controversy ended, Dr. Eck set off from Leipsig for Rome, determined to bring back with him without delay from the pope a bull, or message of condemnation, against Luther and his doctrines.

Wittemberg was now in fresh alarm for Luther. Melancthon wrote: 'We would rather die than be separated from Luther; but if God does not help us, we shall all perish.' There were many who blamed Luther severely for the words he had spoken against the supremacy of the pope. To himself, it was a wonderful thing to look back along the path he had trodden since he came to Wittemberg, and see how he had been gradually led farther and farther in his work

of reform. In the beginning, he had dreamt only of bringing about a change in one or two matters of doctrine, and had no thought of disputing the authority of the pope, or of overthrowing the Roman Catholic faith, which had existed for so many centuries. Formerly, he had appealed to the pope in his efforts for reform, thus acknowledging him as head of the whole Church; but, step by step, he had been led on, until at last he had defied the pope. The smaller and more familiar events of our daily lives prove to us, as plainly as do the larger actions of a great reformer's career, how important are our seemingly trivial thoughts, and words, and deeds. As the little mountain stream widens into a roaring torrent, and becomes a broad, powerful river in the end, so does a whispered good or evil influence, once obeyed, often lead us in an ever growing course of right or wrong; and warnings and examples teach us to turn to listen always to the voice of the good spirit that may be clearly heard within. So it was well for Luther and the whole world that his first step had been right.

Hitherto the poorer people of Germany had mostly embraced the reformed religion which Luther preached. Now he must go farther, and bring over to the cause the great men of the land. He wrote an appeal to the Emperor and nobles of Germany, in which he condemned the luxury and sinful lives of the bishops and cardinals and great dignitaries of the Church, and pointed out how in the early times of Christianity all Christians were priests, and no barriers came between

them and God, such as were then raised by the arbitrary power which set apart one class of men to absolve the sins and offer the prayers of all the rest of mankind. 'The words of monks or priests,' he said, 'differ in no respect before God from those of a peasant who tills the field, or a woman who manages her house. It often happens that the simple labour of a serving man or woman is more acceptable to God than the fastings and watchings of a monk, because the latter is void of faith.'

You can imagine how the attention of bishops, monks, and priests was roused, when he went on to declare that their lives, considered as so sacred and separate, were in reality like those of any other men. They had been supposed to lead a holy and solitary existence, given up to heavenly things, as apart from cares of earth. We know by this time that that theory was not often carried into practice; but it was a startling proposal that every life might be equally holy, and that God could be loved and served amid the cares and interests of daily life, as well as in the life set apart for meditation and prayer.

One influence and memory from his boyhood came back to Luther and influenced him as a monk in these later years. Ursula Schweikard's peaceful home in Eisenach, where he had spent such happy years, was a sacred recollection to him; and she had always taught him to think reverently of the dear earthly homes in which God trains His children for their larger home in heaven. So it was contrary to the decrees of the

Church, but in harmony with his own best thoughts, when Luther further proposed that the priests, who should be examples to their flocks in holy living, should marry, and, forming such homes, teach them that the Christian spirit must influence every lot in life, and cannot be confined within the holiest convent walls.

When this appeal went forth to the Emperor and nobles, castles, palaces, and convents resounded with Luther's words; and, as if in reply, came the news that Luther had been fully condemned at Rome, that the pope's bull was on its way to Germany in the hands of Dr. Eck, and all men were commanded to burn his books and papers, or risk the sentence of excommunication which had fallen upon him.

It is well to turn from this story of tumult and excitement to a happy event which took place in Wittemberg at this time among the Reformers and their friends. Probably Luther, from the more practical aspect which the reform work took to him, was sometimes uneasy to see how Melancthon was more and more closely devoting himself to the work of critically examining into the claims of the Roman Catholic religion. Melancthon was becoming wrapt up in his books and translations of ancient writings, and there was no room in his absorbed life for the home joys and duties on which the light of the reform spirit must also shine. It is beautiful in the history of the friendship of these two men, so different in character, to find how they reverenced one another. Luther used to say of himself that he was but like the woodcutter, clearing

the forest with rough blows for the precious seed which Melancthon was to sow. Melancthon's thought was that no one equalled Luther, 'on whom the hearts of the whole nation hung.' 'No one,' he said of Luther, 'so stirs the heart of Germany, of princes, nobles, peasants, women, and children, as he does with his noble, faithful words.'

But, notwithstanding this reverence, it was quite possible that Luther should be anxious that the character of his friend should not become one-sided; and he was very glad when he knew that Melancthon sometimes left his books to spend an hour or two in the house of the Burgomaster Krapp, and at last that Catherine, the burgomaster's daughter, was to be Melancthon's wife. Luther's father, mother, and sisters came to Wittemberg when Melancthon's marriage took place; and a number of learned men were present. Gradually, Catherine's loving influence enlarged his sympathies, though it made him no less earnest a scholar than he had been; and Melancthon's home became a meeting-place for Reformers, where the Reformation plans and hopes could be discussed.

A story is told about Melancthon, when this heaven-sent family love had warmed his heart and sanctified his life. A stranger, anxious to see the learned Reformer, visited his home, and found the 'master of Germany' rocking the cradle of his baby with a Greek book by his side. The stranger, who perhaps had not learned that great souls have many sympathies and interests in life, was surprised at his occupation. Melancthon gave

him, on this occasion, no learned discourse, but told him instead of the holy influence a little child in our midst may have. It is quite certain that the power of learning is great and useful, and it was needful to the Reformation; but human life requires yet more the influence of a loving spirit, and even a learned man may do well to become in some ways as a little child.

For Luther, in those stormy times, the intervals of peaceful intercourse with his friends were very brief. A fortnight after Melancthon's marriage, when the year 1520 was drawing to a close, a crowd of professors and students collected early one December morning, at Luther's summons, near the east gate of Wittemberg. With Luther at their head, they marched in a long procession into the plain outside the town. Wondering people followed in the rear; and when the procession halted at a huge pile of faggots, erected there the night before, they asked each other what the strange sight meant. A wise master of the University lighted the pile, and as the smoke rose against the clear winter sky, the tall form of Dr. Luther advanced, and, amid the shoutings of the host, he threw a roll of papers in the fire, and a fresh burst of flame rose up when they cracked and disappeared.

In a few minutes, even the children in the crowd knew that they had watched the burning of the pope's bull, a copy of which had just reached Wittemberg. I think neither young nor old forgot again that winter morning's sight. Here was a man who had come to their town not very long ago as a poor unknown young

monk, boldly declaring that the dreaded pope was not the real head of the Church, and leading after him a whole University by the strength of his faith in God.

It was said by those who lived in Wittemberg during those days, that Martin Luther's life had as much influence on the people as his teachings. It is not difficult to believe that the men and women to whom he preached learned also from his example to be brave and true in speech and deed; and that even boys and girls at school, when they acted on his words, found that in their own small world they might lead their companions to hate falsehood and defend a right and just cause.

From the despised condemnation of the pope, Luther appealed to the judgment of a general council, and Christmas of the year 1521 proved the beginning of dangerous and eventful times. The new Emperor, Charles v., anxious to support the pope's decision, summoned Luther to appear before a council held at Worms. The Elector Frederick, anxious for Luther's safety, did all he could to ensure it by obtaining for him a safe-conduct from the Emperor. There was great doubt in Luther's mind whether he should return in safety from the council, notwithstanding this imperial promise. Most probably, he thought, such a martyrdom as John Huss had suffered at Constance, notwithstanding the Emperor Sigismund's safe-conduct, would be his fate. He would not listen to Melancthon's earnest wish to accompany him. 'It will not matter if I die, if you are here to carry on our work,' he said; and prepared to

set out alone with the herald whom the Emperor had sent to conduct him to Worms.

In this time of trial, Dr. Staupitz' encouragement again failed him; but he made no lonely journey, such as that to Augsburg had mostly been. The town of Wittemberg sent him in a covered carriage; some wealthy nobles collected a sum of money for his expenses; and when he came to Erfurt, where he was to rest upon his way, hundreds of people met him on the high-road some distance from the town. By them he was conducted to the gate of the monastery, through the streets where he had once wandered with his monk's sack and begged for bread.

Late at night, when the crowds had dispersed, and no sound was to be heard but that of his own footfall on the ground, Luther wandered in the moonlight among the graves belonging to the convent, and thought of his old companions who were at rest from this world's care. Perhaps he thought of the higher life they had entered, if their earthly course had been true and faithful in God's sight, and gained fresh courage for his own unfinished work. The next day was Easter Sunday; and as he preached in the crowded convent church about the resurrection of Christ, and that which awaits also every human being, the council to which he was travelling and the death which threatened him seemed of small importance in comparison.

A professor of the Erfurt University, named Justin Jonas, had been one of Luther's pupils at Wittemberg. He left his home and work to go with his old master

to Worms, to be with him in the time of danger. After travelling through the Thuringian forest country, they stopped at Eisenach, where many old friends welcomed Luther. Here he was seized with illness, which delayed his journey; but before he left the little town he found time to revisit the haunts he knew so well as a boy, and stood long beneath the window of Ursula Schweikard's house, thinking tenderly of her (she had long been dead), and of all he owed to her care of him. You will be glad to hear how his old school-fellow, John Reinecke, joined him here, and, with Luther's brother Jacob, vowed not to leave him till he was safely out of the city of Worms. At every town on his way, crowds gathered to receive him; and the nearer he approached to the end of his journey, the more numerous were the warnings he received of the danger he was about to incur. 'You will be burned like John Huss and Jerome of Prague,' was the frequent cry. Notices of his condemnation met his eye, posted on the walls of towns; and even the imperial herald asked him if he really meant, notwithstanding all the risk, to appear at Worms.

When at Oppenheim, not very far from the city, a message reached him from the Elector and Dr. Spalatin, beseeching him not to venture any farther. 'Go, tell your master,' he replied to the messenger, 'if there were as many devils at Worms as there are tiles on the roofs of the houses, I would still go there.' As the belfry towers of the ancient city came in sight, he rose up in his carriage and sang a hymn, of which he

had written the words and music when the Elector's warning met him two or three days before. In German churches it is still sung and known as Luther's hymn; and its grand melody and quaint words have given courage to many doubting hearts since Luther's time. The following is a translation of the hymn:

'A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll keep us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour,—
On earth is not his fellow.

'With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper man,
Whom God Himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is His name,
The Lord Jehovah's Son;
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

'And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore,
We know they can't o'erpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as ere he will,
He harms us not a whit;
For why? his doom is writ—
A word shall quickly slay him.

'God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course,
'Tis written by His finger;
And though they take our life,
Goods, houses, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all,
The city of God remaineth.'

Nobles and courtiers came to meet him outside the city; and when the watchman on the cathedral tower saw the procession approach, he blew his trumpet, and hundreds of people flocked into the streets as Luther was conducted by the herald to the inn. On hearing of his arrival, the Emperor called a council, saying, 'Luther has arrived; what are we to do?' At this council it was arranged that Luther should appear before the Diet next day at four o'clock. Meanwhile he spent the night at his open window, gazing up into the starlit sky, or softly playing the notes of his hymn-tune upon his flute. Those were anxious hours until the appointed time arrived at which he was summoned to appear before the Diet; and when the marshal came to lead him to the town hall, he found Luther praying for strength and wisdom to meet the trial which awaited him.

The roofs of the houses were covered with people anxious to see the brave doctor as he passed, and a multitude so filled the streets that even the soldiers could not force a way. Some private houses and gardens were opened to let him through, but the crowd

pressed after him; and when he reached the hall where the Emperor, Elector, and princes were assembled, eager forms were clinging even to the coping-stones of the windows, in their desire to witness his approach.

More than one nobleman, standing in the way, spoke cheering words to him. An old, white-haired general, who had fought in many battles, touched him on the shoulder and said kindly: 'Poor monk, thou art going to make a nobler stand than I or any other captain have ever made in the bloodiest of our battles. But if thy cause is just, go forward in God's name, and fear nothing. God will not forsake thee.'

When the council hall was opened, Luther found himself in the presence of the Emperor and princes, electors and ambassadors from foreign lands, as well as of the crowds of spectators who filled every space in the room. It is needless to repeat all that happened. You know the opinions which he was called upon to retract, and the faith and courage which made him always defend the truth. Twice he was called before the council, and on the second occasion the daylight faded, and torches glimmered and flickered over the multitude, and shone on the one brave figure on whom all eyes were fixed as he stood before the throne. There was breathless silence through the hall when his last statement, clear and true, was made:

'I cannot retract. Here I stand. I can do no other. May God help me. Amen.'

The council was ended, and as the soldiers led Luther back through the waiting crowd, shouts were raised that they were leading him to prison. If the Emperor had had his will, this would have been Luther's fate; but many brave knights bound themselves to protect the Reformer, and the electors insisted that the safe-conduct should be observed. Next day the decree of the Diet was sent to Luther. Twenty-one days were given him to reach Wittemberg. At the end of that interval the safe-conduct expired, and then all men were commanded to refuse him food or shelter, and to burn his writings; while any one who could gain possession of his person must do so, and keep him prisoner till the Emperor's reward could arrive, and Luther be delivered into the Emperor's power.

Such was the edict signed in the cathedral, and the Elector Frederick, when he heard it, determined to give Luther his protection. In and out of the hotel passed noble lords and knights who had heard his defence, and wished to take leave of Luther; and when he set out on his journey, twenty gentlemen on horseback surrounded his carriage, and a great crowd of people followed him beyond the city walls.

His homeward journey led him by the same route as that which he followed to Worms. At Eisenach he had another meeting with the old friends of his boyhood, and from there he crossed the mountains to the old farm-house at Mora, where his uncle and grandmother still lived, and where his father had spent

his boyhood and his youth. It was now the month of May, and the fresh young leaves of the beech-trees made the Thuringian forests beautiful with the contrast of the light tints against the dark pine-tree branches. As Luther and his two companions, enjoying all this beauty, drove over the mountain road, they reached at sunset a sandy hollow in the wood; and here, from behind the steep banks, sprang out five armed and masked horsemen, who took Luther captive, and carried him from his friends.

The new escort rode swiftly through the lonely forest till the night came on, stopping once to rest by a clear spring beneath a birch-tree, which has ever since borne the name of Luther's Spring. Then in the darkness they changed their course, and climbing at last a steep mountain side, reached a castle, where bolted doors opened to receive them, and a chamber and a knight's dress awaited Luther.

His friends were all in a sad state of anxiety as to his fate, until they learned what Luther himself had immediately discovered,—that he was in no enemy's keeping. The fact was, the Elector, anxious to protect him from the Emperor, had taken the only course open to him, and arranged with Dr. Spalatin for a mock capture as he travelled home, and for his safe concealment in some fortress, of which all but his nearest friends should be in ignorance. In about a fortnight he was permitted to write. One of his first letters was to Melancthon, and there was great joy in Wittemberg when the news that he still lived was

proclaimed. The letters and pamphlets which he wrote were dated from 'Patmos,' or from the 'regions of the birds.' His knightly disguise and false beard and hair changed his appearance entirely, and by the inhabitants of the castle he was known only as the 'Knight George.'

You can imagine what a sudden change this quiet life in the gloomy old fortress was from the excitements he had lately passed through. Luther fell ill. The confinement did not suit him, and he pined to be about his active work in Wittemberg again. As he sat at the fortress window, gazing on the opposite hills, or watching the flight of the birds, or the blue smoke rising from Eisenach in the valley beneath, gloomy thoughts took possession of him, as had been the case years before in the convent cell at Erfurt. In his solitude, these thoughts seemed even to take visible form, and fill the place with unholy shapes.

But as time passed by and the risk of discovery seemed to lessen, he ventured outside the castle to gather berries on the hills; or with the keeper of the castle took longer excursions, once narrowly escaping detection in an inn. Flute-playing and hymn and letter writing could not employ his mind fully, and the ten months' residence in the Wartburg proved a ten months of grand work for the world. Luther soon began to send forth writings, which should act on men while his practical activity was stopped. In the Wartburg he wrote his celebrated book against monastic life; and there, too, he worked steadily at the German

translation of the New Testament, which he and his friend Melancthon had begun together in Wittemberg. As his mind turned to the hundreds of poor homes where this new translation would enter for the first time, a thought came to him which must visit every true reformer. Hitherto he had been breaking down the superstitions and evils in the religion of his country people; it was equally needful to strengthen them in what was true and pure, and he pondered how he could best build them up in the strong faith in God which was so dear to himself. So it happened, that when he gained his liberty again this desire remained with him, and the Lutheran Church began to take root and grow from the ruins of the Roman Catholic doctrines which he had proved to be untrue.

Meanwhile, the seed which he had sown bore fruit, as all human actions sooner or later must do. Letters from Wittemberg told him how the Reformation was spreading through the land. He received news of the death of Pope Leo X., and heard that the Emperor was called away to wars with France. From his 'region of the birds,' Luther sent messages to his distant friends. His work at the University was in other hands for the time, but the congregation in the parish church missed his sermons; and he wrote, begging Melancthon in vain to preach to the people in their own German tongue, as he had done.

Perhaps it was the loss of his teaching which led to great disturbances in Wittemberg, when Luther had been about ten months from the town. The people

had listened to the wild teachings of a preacher named Munzer, who came among them calling himself a messenger from God, and summoning them, in Luther's name, to destroy the images in the church, prevent the celebration of the mass, and efface all signs of the ancient Roman Catholic worship. The town was in an uproar. Nothing but the presence of Luther could possibly still the tumult. 'Come and help us,' wrote his friends, and they begged the Elector to give him permission to return. To this the Elector would by no means consent. He could never save him again, if he were once at large among his enemies. But Luther took the matter into his own hands. He was really wanted in Wittemberg, and his place was clearly there, however great might be the danger to himself. In his knight's dress he left the castle and travelled back to Wittemberg, writing a grateful and apologetic letter to the Elector on his way.

A story is told of his journey, how two young Swiss students travelling to Wittemberg, hoping to see the famous Dr. Luther whose books had been of so much value to them, met with a learned knight one stormy evening at an inn. The knight talked kindly with them of their studies, and told them of Melancthon the Greek professor, and recommended them to study under him, that they might learn to understand the Bible teachings. When he parted from them he sent them to a professor in Wittemberg, with a message to him 'from one that is to come.' The students, on reaching Wittemberg, sought the professor out, and found with him, to their

alarm, a gathering of the learned men of Wittemberg. With a kindly smile, the knight whom they had met on their journey stepped out to them from the midst, saying, 'See, here is Melancthon of whom I told you;' and they found that they had been talking in the inn to the great teacher whom they were so anxious to see.

Next day Luther preached again in the parish church. News of his arrival and of his intention to preach had spread quickly through the town, and the building was filled with eager listeners. Probably the sermon he preached was not quite what they expected to hear. He told them that they had kept the faith which he had taught, but they had forgotten the love for one another, which was just as needful. That love of man must go with love of God, and belief was useless without accompanying deeds. That the world must be taught better things, but not by force; when a higher faith is learned, the idols will fall of themselves. Then he reminded them how St. Paul in Athens saw the altar to The Unknown God, but did not try to knock it down, leading the people by his words to a faith in One in whom 'they lived and moved and had their being.' For eight successive days he preached. Gradually his influence made itself felt, the tumult subsided, and at the end of that time the city was again in peace.

A change awaited Luther in the convent. Here his words had taken effect. The monks had learned from his teachings the mistakes and errors of a monastic life, and had forsaken it to find occupations and active duties of all kinds in the world. In the lonely and

deserted convent, Luther and Melancthon revised together the translation of the Testament which had occupied so much time in the Wartburg; and before long, printed copies were published in Wittemberg, with the title: 'The New Testament. German. Wittemberg.'

Out into Germany spread the teachings of the book. Schoolmasters read it by the village schoolhouse fire to listening villagers, and men, women, and children, workmen and soldiers, heard both the Testament and Luther's writings. They entered into the convents and nunneries, and monks and nuns found out the sacredness of common everyday life, and returned to their forsaken work in the world. Nine nuns of noble birth, whose parents would not listen to their entreaties to return home, escaped from their nunnery and reached Luther's convent door, begging him for help. He found homes and employment for them all; and one of them, Catherine von Bora, of whom you will hear again, was received into the family of a rich man in Wittemberg. Fresh students flocked to Wittemberg to hear Dr. Luther's lectures on the Bible, and carried back his teachings to the different homes. The hymns which Albert Dürer and Luther wrote carried the Reformation teachings into towns where the Testament and other writings had not reached; and remembering the children who were to form the future people of the land, Luther laboured with the magistrates and schoolmasters to show them the importance of right teaching for the young.

In the year 1523 Luther threw off his own monk's gown, and prepared to leave the convent which his teachings had emptied, to find somewhere else another abode. But the Elector gave it to him as a residence, and soon you will hear of the home life which sprang up in the cells and cloisters where the Augustine monks had lived.

As the Reformation widened, the interests and events of Luther's life, so centred in the Reformation, widened too. This story, already so long, can do no more from this time than give a slight outline of his history, which henceforward became interwoven with the history of the German land and people.

Foreign war and threatenings of invasions by the Turks still called the attention of Charles v. from Germany; but at this time the Roman Catholics in Spain awoke to the dangers which were threatening their Church, and the Society of Jesuits set on foot a persecution in the Netherlands of those who had adopted the doctrines of the Reformation.

Wherever the Elector of Saxony reigned, the Reformers and their followers were unpersecuted; but in the other parts of Germany, as well as in Switzerland, imprisonment and oppressive cruelties on the part of the Roman Catholics were common events. Luther was unwearied in his efforts to comfort the persecuted and oppressed. He grieved deeply for the troubles of his followers; and where he could not personally console, he wrote letters, and sent sympathizing messages. In Antwerp the first martyrdom took place, and the follow-

ing hymn by Luther, in memory of the three martyred youths, was sung through Germany and the Netherlands, awakening in the country new readiness to suffer for the faith:

'No, no! their ashes shall not die;
But, borne to every land,
Where'er their sainted dust shall fall
Up springs a holy band.

'Though Satan by his might may kill,
And stop their powerful voice,
They triumph o'er him in their death,
And still in Christ rejoice.'

'Your bonds are mine,' wrote Luther to the persecuted people. 'Your dungeons and your burning piles are mine! we are all with you, and the Lord is at our head.'

In those disturbed times, the restless and unsettled spirit spread through the land. History tells us how the peasants of the Black Forest, excited by headstrong leaders and supported by some powerful nobles, rebelled against the oppression of their governors, mingling with their grievances some pretext of a religious revival. Without rest Luther travelled from place to place, trying to still the tumult, and to reason and preach the peasants to submission. He argued with the nobles also, and endeavoured earnestly to prevent war, of which he always had the greatest dread. All his efforts were in vain, and the so-called Peasants' War made terrible havoc in the land.

Perhaps you wonder that, notwithstanding the edict

of Worms and the Elector's fears for Luther's safety, he continued unharmed. We must bear in mind how the Emperor was employed abroad, and how powerful was the influence of the Elector of Saxony through the country.

The new pope, Adrian VI., did indeed call upon him to make war upon the Protestants, as the believers in the Reformed faith began to be called; but the pope's demand was without success. Old age and sickness were the Elector's excuses, as well as the plea of the powerlessness on the part of an Elector to enter on a war without the consent and sympathy of the people who have elected him as ruler. The German people owed so much to Luther that he could hardly fail to be safe among them, especially as princes and nobles were gradually accepting the new doctrines, and the Reform party was growing stronger every day.

In 1524, while the Peasants' War was still raging, the old Elector of Saxony, who had so long been Luther's friend, lost all interest in the affairs about him, and died clasping the hand of his faithful chaplain, Dr. Spalatin. Luther preached his funeral sermon, when they laid him near the altar of the church he had built at Wittemberg. Others of Luther's friends passed away from earth. Dr. Staupitz died in the convent which he had not the courage to forsake; and gradually Luther's old home in Mansfeld was broken up.

Before his father died, however, the old man's heart was gladdened by the knowledge that his son, like Melancthon, had found a loving wife to sympathize in

his troubles and help him in his cares. Catherine von Bora, the escaped nun, for whom Luther had found a home in Wittemberg, was very grateful to the Reformer whose words had first roused her to a knowledge of her wasted life. When Luther, from helping her, changed to loving her hopeful, earnest mind, she knew she could do nothing better with her future than share it with him, and in the summer of 1525 she brightened his convent home, and cheered his heart, which had grown sad with constant trouble and anxiety.

It is good to be able to end the story of this brave and often lonely life with the picture of a home and family and friends. For some time Luther and his wife were in great poverty; for there were no longer the convent resources, on which he used to live in old times, and he still refused to receive any fees for the lectures which he gave. Poverty is the least of all troubles to brave, loving hearts, however; and though he made only a poor and uncertain living by wood-turning and by growing vegetables and fruits, and was often over-worked by these new employments in addition to his former ones, there was great happiness in Luther's home.

Beneath the shadow of the old pear-tree, where, years before, Dr. Staupitz had encouraged him to preach to the ignorant people of Wittemberg the truth he had himself learned, Luther, with his wife and friends, now sat talking of the Reformation which was spreading far and wide. Catherine would send for Melancthon or some other fellow-worker when her husband seemed weary and sad; and their hopeful talk, and the fresh air

and beauty round him, would give him cheerfulness again. The opening flowers and the birds' songs in the quiet convent garden all had messages for him. One evening, when money to supply their wants was very scarce, and sad tidings came to him from the outer world, he saw a bird perching for its night's rest upon the leafy branch of a tree. 'See!' he said cheerfully, 'that little bird has chosen its shelter, and is about to go to sleep in tranquillity. It has no disquiet, neither does it wonder where it shall rest to-morrow night, but it sits in peace on its slender branch, leaving God to provide for it.'

Such hard times did not always last. His father, whose mining had prospered, left him a sum of money on his death; and wealthy men found means to help one who was always enriching the world with time and work, and seeking no reward for himself. All Wittemberg rejoiced as on a feast day when little Hans Luther, their first child, was born. As a family of six children grew up around them, and the interests of their own home increased, the sympathies of Dr. Luther and his wife never narrowed down to their own concerns only, but widened to include those of other homes. So we hear, in the midst of domestic sickness and trouble, how plague-stricken people were received into Luther's home when the pestilence visited Wittemberg; and how at all times poor students were fed and clothed as if they were his own children, while they studied at the University, and were too poor to pay for a lodging in the town.

In Luther's own room, over the stove was written the text: 'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much.' The same spirit which made him brave and earnest in the work of reforming a religion, made him earnest also in the smallest duties of everyday life. His children were never left untaught and uninfluenced because of the numerous calls which the German nation made upon his time. The *Table-Talk*, a collection of Luther's sayings, for the most part in his family, or spoken to his intimate friends, tells of incidents in his home life. A Christmas carol is well-known to German children, which he wrote for his little boy Hans; and also a letter which he sent him on one of his journeys, telling him in simple words, such as a child could understand, of the happiness which is prepared in heaven for the little ones who have been good on earth.

In the year 1529, Charles v., who had been occupied with French and Italian wars, used the opportunity of a short peace with foreign enemies to turn his attention to affairs in Germany, and renewed against the Reformed religion the judgment which had been passed at Worms. The followers of Luther, now so powerful, protested against this renewal of an edict which had lapsed into disuse, and were from this time generally known as Protestants. In 1530, aided chiefly by Melancthon, they drew up a statement of their belief, which was called the Augsburg Confession, Augsburg being the name of the town in which it was presented

to the Emperor. The Protestant cities and princes entered into a league for mutual defence against the Roman Catholics; and probably Charles would have made war on his unruly subjects, if fresh threatenings on the part of France and of Turkey had not made peace at home needful. Many large councils among the Protestants were held at this time, and Luther helped them by his presence or his advice; and while carrying on his work at Wittemberg, travelled also from place to place to establish fresh churches. He received, too, a large number of letters daily, which needed attention and reply; and the calls of people wanting sympathy and counsel took up a great part of his time. Besides this, owing to overwork and anxiety, he was subject to severe attacks of illness, and sometimes his friends gathered round his bedside, afraid that he would never be abroad among them again.

It was well for Luther that his faith was strong, and that he knew there was a Power at work on the earth which would in the end turn all wrong to right. For there was much evil around him, which, fight against it as bravely as he might, he could not cure. For example, in some places, the people, who had lost their belief in the rites and doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, had yet not grown into a better and purer faith; and while they laid great stress on a particular view of baptism, ceased to believe in the importance of right living; and making sport of the doctrines they had once held themselves, led terribly wicked lives. These people greatly troubled the Reformers. The

Reformed religion was no help to them, and they were in a sad condition, as all people must be who both scoff at the belief of other men, and think lightly of the need for a Christian life.

It is sometimes said that Luther was too harsh and severe in his treatment of this sect. Perhaps he was the more anxious to discountenance their evil doctrine, because he was sometimes accused of having led the way to it, by preaching his favourite doctrine of justification by faith, and by declaring the uselessness of penance and fasting, which the Roman Catholic Church called good works. There is no doubt that in his intense earnestness and boldness of speech, Luther was sometimes violent and rough to his opponents. He was by no means perfect; but in his courageous, honest life, which is such a grand example to all of us in these later days, we have constant proof that his religion was not one of words alone. His loving faith in God entered into every act and deed, and though he may sometimes have been mistaken in what he did, yet he always acted according to the light he had.

We must thus think of Luther, earnest and faithful to the last, helping on what was right and true by his counsel and work, struggling against illness and the despondency that sometimes attacked him, and rejoicing in his family and friends, and in music, which he loved as earnestly as when a student at Erfurt University many years before.

Gradually the links broke that bound him to earth. John Reinecke, his old schoolfellow, died; and this was

a great loss to Luther, who valued much his letters and visits, and his long and faithful friendship. Then death came nearer to his home circle, and removed his little daughter Magdalen, who died in Luther's arms after a short illness. 'My darling child,' said Luther to her, 'thou hast also a Father in heaven, and art going to Him;' but he wept like the little children round him when he found that her life had gone. Hans, the eldest boy, was at school at some distance from Wittemberg, and you may like to read the letter which Luther wrote to recall him when Magdalen lay ill.

'I request you,' he wrote to the schoolmaster, 'to keep from my son Hans what I now write you. My daughter Magdalen is drawing near to death, and will soon be with her true Father in heaven, unless it shall seem best to God that it shall be otherwise. But she longs so much to see her brother, that I am constrained to send a carriage for him, hoping she may live till he returns. They were very fond of each other. I do whatever I can, lest afterwards the sense of having neglected anything should torture me. Direct him, therefore, without mentioning the reason, to hasten homeward by this carriage, when she will either sleep in the Lord or be restored.' Magdalen lived only a fortnight longer, but her brother was in time to see her again. In the midst of his grief, Luther said: 'She is very dear to me; but, gracious God, if it be Thy will to take her hence, I am content to know that she will be with Thee.'

Towards the end of his life Luther wished to leave Wittemberg, and make a new home elsewhere. The people of the town loved pleasure and luxuries too much to please his simple, self-denying taste; and only the urgent petition from the University led him to remain there. In the year 1545 he felt his weakness increase and old age advance, and finished the last book he wrote with the words: 'I am weak, and can do no more; pray God He may grant me a peaceful and happy death.'

At that time, trouble had arisen among the miners in Luther's birthplace, and disputes had broken out between them and the Counts of Mansfeld, their rulers, which Luther believed his presence at Eisleben might decide. He felt it would be a good work to be a peacemaker for the people among whom he was born, even if it were his last work. His wife had sad misgivings about the journey for him in his weak condition; but, like a true helpmeet, she would never have tried to dissuade him from any work he felt it right to undertake. His two sons and Dr. Justus Jonas, his old pupil, went with him, and he wrote cheering and even merry letters home to Catherine, to calm the anxiety she was feeling. But his earthly work was over, and he had returned to his early home to die. Three days before his death he preached his last sermon from the pulpit which still stands in Eisleben church. The closing words of his sermon were: 'This, and much more, might be said from the passage, but I am too weak, and here we will stop.' His talk was often,

during these last three days, of the future life and of union in heaven with those who had gone before. Until within a few hours of his death, he was occupied with the business which had brought him to Eisleben, but his friends often overheard him uttering words of prayer.

On the night of the 18th of February 1540, his sons and Dr. Jonas watched by his bedside, for they felt sure his end was near. They piled up the fire, but he did not feel its warmth; and the medicine which the Count of Mansfeld brought, a rare medicine, and one much trusted in those days, produced no effect. 'My dear Jonas,' said Luther at length, 'I think I shall die here at Eisleben, where I was born and baptized.' Then he lay long motionless, perhaps thinking of his wife and home, and of the Providence which had led him onward from boyhood to this dying hour.

After some time, seeing Dr. Jonas and his sons, with Count Albert, the Countess, and physicians, standing round his bed, he said: 'What! are you still here? will you not go, dear friends, and rest yourselves?' They would not leave him, and the little group listened earnestly for his farewell. Whispered prayers reached them, and then more clearly they heard the words: 'Father, into Thy hands I commit my spirit. Thou hast redeemed me. Truly, God so loved the world!'

'Reverend father,' said Dr. Jonas, 'do you die firm in the faith you have taught?'

'Yes,' answered Luther distinctly; and then he died, seeming to fall peacefully asleep.

The counts of Mansfeld and the people of Eisleben hoped that Luther's grave might be with them. But the Elector of Saxony, and hundreds who loved him at Wittemberg, decided otherwise. Slowly the funeral procession travelled through the land, with the counts of Mansfeld and many other knights and nobles at the head. The people came out from villages and towns to meet them, in mourning garb, but singing songs of faith and trust in God, which Luther had written for them. At the eastern gate of Wittemberg, the widow and children, and a multitude from the city and University, were waiting to join the procession to the church, and the streets were filled with weeping crowds.

Melancthon, who was deeply affected by Luther's death, gave the funeral address when they laid him near the pulpit where he had so often preached. The chroniclers of the time tell us how the silence in the great church was broken by the sobs of the people, when Melancthon spoke, in conclusion, of the memories of Luther's life and work among them, which could never pass away. 'Now he is united,' said the preacher, 'with the prophets of whom he loved to talk. Now they greet him as their fellow-labourer, and with him praise the Lord who gathers and preserves His Church. But we must retain a perpetual recollection of our beloved Luther, and never let his memory fade from our hearts.'

Three hundred years have passed, and this memory is still sacred in the hearts of men. Germany is rich



MARTIN LUTHER, FROM AN OLD PRINT.—GUIDING LIGHTS, p. 178.

with the treasured associations of his life, and recollections of his visits to her town. In Eisleben are still seen the house where he died and the pulpit where he preached; and a large school for pauper children is built to his memory on the site of the house where he was born. Large numbers of people come to the old castle to see the lonely room where he translated so much of the New Testament for the German people; and yet a greater number visit Wittemberg, where his teachings were begun.

Who that knew the poor miner's boy in the days when he journeyed for miles on foot to school, or sang for bread in the streets of Magdeburg and Eisenach at night, would have dreamt that he would afterwards have brought about one of the greatest events in the history of the world. We have seen how he wasted no opportunity of his boyhood, and how, when duty seemed to demand it, he gave up the rich hopes of his youth for a hard and obscure life; how in that life he scorned no work, however humble; and when no opening for greater usefulness presented itself, was ready for it with fresh earnestness and zeal, shutting his eyes to no evil he could help to cure, and keeping back no word of truth that was given to him to teach. He had no fear of death, the opinion of the world, or the anger of great men. Results did not enter into his calculations; he left those to God, and did each duty as it came.

To each of us, as to Luther, are sent fresh opportunities for usefulness each year. In our paths there

are difficulties to be overcome, evils to be mended, true words we can speak and right causes we can help. The faith which gave him his power must also make us strong; and these words are as true to-day as when he uttered them: 'Faith is a living and mighty power, that can make of poor dejected sinners brave and blessed men, who care neither for the devil, nor for the world, nor for any misfortunes that can happen to them.'

FREDERICH PERTHES.

IN the year 1772 the town of Rudolfstadt was the chief city of one of the small German states. It was built upon the river Saale, and in view of the beautiful Thuringian mountains, on the heights of which the Castle of Schwartzburg stood, to defend the country in time of invasion. Such a time was then just over. The terrible Seven Years' War, of which you may have heard, had not long since come to an end; but it had left behind it the miseries which always follow after battle—a fearful pestilence and a famine, from which hundreds of the people died.

No one was surprised at these troubles. They were a natural consequence of the times through which the country had just passed. One can easily believe that if people are occupied in preparations for defence, and in battles against invaders, they have no time to sow

their seed and reap their crops; so the harvest fails, and the pastures are ruined and destroyed by the enemy's army. Then when the fearful battles are over, and dead men and horses lie buried in heaps below the sods, the winds blowing across the fields become tainted and unwholesome, and carry disease instead of health to those living near at hand.

This year of 1772 was sometimes called 'the great hunger year;' and the people of Rudolfstadt were suffering, as were so many other people in other towns on the continent of Europe. It was no wonder in such times that when the father of a family died, he had no money to leave his wife and children for their support; and so it happened that when Christopher Frederich Perthes, a young lawyer of Rudolfstadt, died suddenly, his widow and her little baby were left without any means of living. They had some relations in the town, but these were all almost as poor as themselves; so the young widow went out as nurse to some richer people who needed her services, and could pay for them; and her old mother took care of the little boy till she died, which happened when he was seven years old. The child was named Frederich, after his father. How the mother must have longed to keep him with her, and try to train him to become as good a man as her husband had been. We can fancy in the quiet hours, as she sat watching by the sick-bed of the patient whom she nursed, how her thoughts would turn to the boy, and to the happy time when she would find her lost treasures safe in heaven.

When his grandmother died, a new home opened for the lonely child. In a little house in Rudolfstadt lived Ferdinand Heubel, his mother's brother. He was a young man, and poor, living on a small sum which he received from some office he held in the service of the Prince. His sister Caroline kept house for him, and this good uncle and aunt gladly adopted the little boy, and made a happy home for him with them.

Frederich was very like many English boys living now. He was not at all clever. It is said that he had no memory for numbers, and no talent for learning languages, so that when he was sent at twelve years of age to the large school or gymnasium in Rudolfstadt, although he had spent much time in lessons with his uncle, and had been carefully taught with other boys whose tutor's lectures he had shared, yet he was more ignorant than most of his schoolfellows, and did not know enough to prepare him for his work at school. But you must not think of him as idle. He had a great love of reading, and the old books in the Court library, to which he was allowed to go, were a great delight to him. One of these was a history of the world, in several huge volumes. Another was a book of travels by land and water, in one-and-twenty volumes. In this way he gained a great amount of information, and his steady perseverance seems to prove that his slowness at school arose from no fault of his own.

I should think it must have been a disappointment to him sometimes to see his schoolfellows carry home their prizes, and find himself always low down in the

class. But his friends were very patient with him; they saw he did his best, and probably they remembered that the best education is not always marked by a high place in school. Frederich was learning perseverance and humility; and in after years he was able to look back to that happy home with his uncle and aunt, and see how he learned from them a horror of any kind of evil-doing, that kept him safe when he was afterwards often in temptation.

Into his quiet life many great pleasures and excitements did not come; but all the more, on that account, he learned to value any little change or treat that came in his way. It is a great thing to be able to find happiness in the small interests and everyday joys of life; and sometimes even children lose the power of doing so when they are used to many larger treats and pleasures. So poverty brought some blessings to this boy of whom you are reading, and he learned to make the most of and value thoroughly every little blessing that he had.

His greatest pleasure was to spend his holidays among the beautiful Thuringian mountains, that were to be seen from Rudolfstadt. His uncle, John David Heubel, lived in the old Castle of Schwartzburg, as bailiff to the Prince. Day after day he used to wander with his uncle over the hills and through the pine forests, and visit with him the huts of the fowlers who caught the wild birds on the estate. You can guess what a delight it must have been to this town-bred boy to hear the birds' songs in the woods, and feel the fresh winds

blowing over the mountain tops; and at night, tired with the long ramblings he had enjoyed by day, to fall asleep, lulled by the roar of the torrent that flowed deep down in the valley below the old castle walls. He learned in these visits to Schwartzburg to love the country dearly, and to know much about plants and stones; and something, too, of the wonderful instincts and habits of the living creatures in the woods. They became like friends to him, and he could no more have robbed a bird's nest, or teased a helpless animal, than he could have injured the relations with whom he lived, who were so good to him.

So his life passed, sometimes at school, and sometime in this old castle upon the mountains, until he was fourteen years of age. He was thought old enough then to earn his living and to work his own way in the world. It was a difficulty to find money to keep him longer at school. Besides, he made so little progress, though he worked his hardest, that to do so seemed an unwise act.

What had he to take with him to help him on in life? He had very little learning and no money; but he had a dread of evil-doing, and a love of goodness, and a persevering, patient spirit, and a kindly feeling for every living thing. In addition, his heart was full of gratitude to his friends who had brought him up, and he had a longing to be worthy of their care, and to be diligent and honest, if he could be nothing else in the world. The question was, to what trade should he be apprenticed? His love of reading was so great, that to

be a bookseller seemed the most fitting employment he could have. He knew very little about the business, however, for Rudolfstadt, though a large town, contained no bookseller.

It was a great event to him, you may be sure, when Sirach, the printer of Rudolfstadt, offered to take him to the great fair held at the town of Leipsig, many miles away, that they might seek a bookseller there willing to have him as an apprentice. Leipsig was nearly two days' journey from Rudolfstadt. They travelled by open coach, and Frederich felt as if he were indeed seeing the world when they passed two nights in strange towns upon the way. The fair at Leipsig was the great meeting-place of the year, where shopkeepers and merchants assembled to sell their wares and make bargains; so it offered a good opportunity for finding the wished-for situation.

Among the crowds of people in the large market-place Frederich felt very shy. He kept close to Sirach; and when the printer had finished his own business, and had begun to talk to different booksellers about the errand on which he had brought the boy, Frederich felt very anxious, lest he should be thought too ignorant or too young.

The first bookseller, who was in want of an apprentice, spoke kindly to him, and asked him some simple questions about the Latin grammar. Poor Frederich, whose knowledge did not lie there, could not answer him, and the bookseller said he must have an older and wiser boy. Another bookseller, also

seeking an apprentice, was a tall, thin man, in a red overcoat which reached down to his boots. He was a strange, gaunt figure, and Frederich, who had seen little of the world, was frightened at the thought of such a master, and could not say a word. 'He is too shy for the book-trade,' said the tall man to Sirach, and turned away in search of a bolder lad. Poor Frederich began to despair. He thought how sad it would be to have spent so much money over his journey, and to go home again without the promise of a situation. He did not want to be a burden on his uncle any more, and he said to himself, 'If some one would only try me, they should find I could work well.'

It happened that in Leipsig lived the bookseller who supplied the Rudolfstadt library with books. This bookseller, whose name was Boehme, knew both the printer Sirach and Frederich's uncle; and believing that the boy whom they recommended was certain to be trustworthy, agreed to take him, but not until a year was over. He looked at present too small a boy and not strong enough for the work he would be required to do; but in twelve months' time there was more chance that he would suit.

So Frederich went back to Rudolfstadt with the printer, and waited until he was fifteen years old. Then he set out for Leipsig again, this time by himself. Before he went, however, a paper was drawn up and signed by his uncle and the bookseller,—a common arrangement in those days,—each making certain promises with regard to the young apprentice. This German bookseller

believed that something more than diligence and good business habits was needful for success in trade. He believed that religion must enter into everyday employments, and that work done in a shop or office could only be rightly done by one who loved God and tried to please Him. So he promised to teach the boy, not only the bookselling trade, but also how to live virtuously and in the fear of God. His uncle, on his side, promised to supply him with clothes during his apprenticeship, to warn him to be anxious to serve his master honestly, to be pious, industrious, and cheerful, to go to church regularly, to avoid bad company, and to fulfil all the duties of a faithful apprentice.

It was a cold, rainy September day when Frederich left his uncle's home in Rudolfstadt. He carried a little bundle of clothing with him, and felt rather dismal as he sat in the open mail-coach, without even the kind printer who had travelled with him the year before. On the 11th of September, at three o'clock in the afternoon, he reached Leipsig, and found his way to his new master's door. The house was a small one in Nicholas Street. Frederich's room, which he was to share with another apprentice, was a tiny attic up four flights of stairs. It had a small window in the roof, from which only sky was to be seen; two beds, a table, two trunks, two stools, and a stove filled up the attic, so that there was hardly room to turn.

Mr. Boehme met him with the words: 'Why, boy, you are no bigger than you were a year ago! but we will make a trial of it, and see how we get on together.'

This was not encouraging; but he and his family gave the boy a kind welcome, and in the evening the bookseller wrote to tell Frederich's friends that he had arrived safely.

In a few days Frederich had discovered that this was no easy situation to which he had come. Many an English boy when his school-days are over, and he goes out to serve in a shop or at a trade, finds it at first weary work to run all the errands that he is sent, and to keep his temper when hasty words are spoken to him. Often, too, an English girl in her first place grows tired of the heavy baby she has to nurse, and the hard work she has to do. She is tempted to be idle and sullen, and longs to give it all up, and to wander out in the sunshine, and have nothing to do but to amuse herself the whole day long. This German boy must have found many things hard to bear at first; but he was not afraid of hardships, and wrote cheerful letters home. He kept steadily before him the thought of all that his friends had done for him, and what they hoped from him, and thus he was able to make light of burdens that would have been very wearing if he had had only himself to think about.

His work began at seven o'clock in the morning, and lasted till eight o'clock at night. Most of the time he was occupied in going errands to other shops in the town, in search of books required by his master's customers. This work was all very well in the summer; but through the winter months, when the climate is very severe in Leipsig, he often got wet through, and after dusk shivered on the stone floor of the cold warehouse,

where no fire was ever lighted. The bookseller himself was a strong, hardy man, who never knew what it was to be ill. If he were cold, he stamped his feet and rubbed his hands, and his apprentices were expected to do the same. Perhaps, too, he did not bear in mind how hungry a growing boy becomes, for Frederich suffered sadly from hunger, a cup of tea and a little halfpenny roll being all the food that was given to him to support him in his work through all the morning hours of each day.

Another trouble was the irritable temper of his master. The small mistakes which in his ignorance of the business Frederich could not at first avoid making, brought forth storms of passion and abuse, and though Mr. Boehme regretted them afterwards, the anger was hard to bear at the time. In his own mind Frederich made excuses for this failing, for he soon discovered the great troubles that weighed upon his master's mind. The bookseller's wife, sad to tell, had fallen into intemperate habits, and the house and children were neglected.

We can imagine the sorrow this terrible sin of drunkenness brought into the home which might have been so happy. We all know, too well, how it destroys the reason and the self-control, and makes a human being sink lower and lower, till he is ready to commit any crime. It was little wonder if the poor bookseller was sometimes almost beside himself with trouble, when he saw the wife whom he loved so dearly losing her womanhood, and all that was once so sweet and lovable, and his little children growing up without a mother whose example they could follow and respect. Frederich

wrote sadly when he spoke of this in his letters home. He was sorry that there seemed no way for him to lessen the trouble, and he longed to help to mend matters if he could.

Five months passed away, and the winter was nearly over. The shopkeepers in Leipsig had begun to like the cheerful, willing errand-boy, and they pitied him when they saw him limping along through the rain and cold, his feet lamed by the chilblains which the wet walks and cold warehouse had caused. At last he could not walk at all, and the nearest surgeon was sent for. For nine weeks after this the boy lay in the little attic unable to move. He grew very home-sick, and thought longingly of his friends in Rudolfstadt, and of the beautiful hills and woods at Schwartzburg. Sometimes, when he lay sleepless at nights, or woke in the early morning, he fancied he heard his uncle's voice calling to the dogs, and he seemed to see again the winding paths over the hills, and the torrent rushing down among the rocks.

One of the bookseller's six children was a girl named Frederica, at this time twelve years old. She had always liked the kind-hearted boy who was so good-natured to her and her brothers and sisters, and who seemed so sorry for the sad times through which they sometimes passed. She pitied him in his loneliness, lying in the attic up so many flights of stairs, and used to bring her knitting and sit by his bedside, and listen to his tales about his home and the rambles he used to have with his uncle, in the holidays he spent at Schwartzburg. Sometimes she told him of the worries

in her daily life, which seemed to grow lighter when they were shared with some one else; and a strong friendship grew up between the children.

On the floor of the attic lay some large volumes of an old history of Italy, dusty and battered with age, for which the bookseller had not been able to find a purchaser. During the nine weeks the little girl patiently read several of the volumes aloud to Frederich, who was as eager for any book he could obtain as he used to be in the old library of the Court at Rudolfstadt. She never stopped to think how dull the old book was, or how difficult to read the old-fashioned spelling; and she never thought how much pleasanter it must be in the open air and sunshine, than in the gloomy attic with its crowded furniture. When Frederich was well again and able to go about his work, you may be sure he did not forget her patience, and the kind way in which she had cheered so many hours; and the friendship which was thus begun did not end with his illness. He tried to help her in her anxieties, and to lighten her burdens in any way he could, bore with the greatest patience her father's ill-humour, and tried to keep peace in the little family which had such a heavy trouble to bear.

Until he was just about to leave, Frederich found no young companions in Leipsig beside Frederica and his fellow-apprentice, who was named Rabenhorst. Rabenhorst was four years older than himself, and, like the bookseller, had a very irritable temper. At first, Frederich used, without intending it, to provoke him

half-a-dozen times in an hour; and he found it difficult to learn not to return a hasty answer, or try for the last word in an argument. But he managed so well that every one was surprised to see how they suited each other; and Rabenhorst liked him much, and was really a good friend to him, teaching him many things in the business, and urging him to use his time rightly and to be steady in his work. In eighteen months Rabenhorst left Leipsig, having passed through his apprenticeship, and Frederich missed him very much.

The other apprentices in the town were very unlike Rabenhorst. They used to spend Sunday, their only holiday, in merry-making, and often in some tavern. Frederich, who had been taught so differently by his uncle and aunt, shrank from this evil-doing which he could not mend. How well it would have been if all the booksellers in Leipsig had thought, as Mr. Boehme did, that it was not enough for a boy to learn the trade only, but that he must try to serve God in his book-selling! If there had been this thought among them, the young apprentices would have been taught to lead better and happier lives.

Frederich tried to teach himself French and English when his working hours were over. Rabenhorst had often said to him that to make a good bookseller he ought to be able to read the books that were being published in other languages besides his own. So, after nine o'clock, he used to shut himself up in his attic, and read the grammar and learn lists of words; but he was so weary with his hard day's work that he often

fell asleep, and the book dropped from his hand. He had no money by which he might gain the help of a master,—the little money he had was scarcely enough to provide him with shoes. His uncle's half-worn clothes were made up again for him, and his linen was sent by a carrier once a fortnight to Rudolfstadt to be washed and mended by his aunt. Once a year, two dollars were given to him as pocket money, and we hear how he saved them to buy a greatcoat to protect him in his cold, wet walks. 'I must have a greatcoat at Michaelmas,' he wrote to his uncle, 'and then the old dollars must spin. Hurrah! I have the two still; but I shall look my last at them then.'

Notwithstanding his poverty and his hard work, and the troubles and worries he met with, he was very happy during the years he spent at Leipsig. Six months before the full time for which he had been apprenticed was over, a bookseller at Hamburg, who, when he came to attend the book-fairs at Leipsig, had seen the boy's industry and willingness, offered him a place in his shop; and Mr. Boehme was so satisfied with him, that he would not let him lose so good a chance, and released him from the remainder of his time.

Frederich was very glad to think that now he should be dependent on no one; he would be able to earn his own living, and in time to help other people also. But he was very thankful for the six years of 'earnest striving,' as he called the time he had spent as an apprentice in Leipsig. He had learned his trade there, and he had learned better things with it: to keep his

temper, to bear hardships, to fight against temptations, and to keep out of bad company. He had gained some happy thoughts at Leipsig, too, which were like good companions to him as he went his errands to the booksellers about the town; for he used to ponder as he walked on books he had been reading in his quiet attic at night, or on Sundays when he had a holiday from his work.

You must know that in Germany a great many books were written and read which were called philosophical books. There was a wide-spread love of wisdom, which is the meaning of this word philosophy, among certain of the German people, and they used to have many puzzles about the beautiful world we live in and the great Maker of it, and about our own minds and our strange lives, and where our home will be and what we shall become after death. Frederich used to find some of these books in the warehouse, and his master let him read them, as he was always careful with those that were lent to him. They led him to think about his own life and the puzzles he found in it. He used to wonder why this work in bookshops in a noisy town was given to him to do, instead of a country life, such as the fowler's boys had who were at work on the Prince's estate round Schwartzburg Castle. Still more, he wondered why the bookseller and his children had to bear such a heavy trouble, and why the poor mother had been allowed to come into the way of temptation to drink, if, as he was sure must be true, there was a good Providence over all.

He remembered how, when he was a schoolboy at Rudolfstadt, and was so dull and stupid that he was always low in the class and gained no prizes, he was taught that there was still something to try for; if he could not be clever, yet he could be good, and he must keep before himself the aim of growing every year better, and truer, and holier than the last. He puzzled over it until he began to see a meaning in it all, and believed that life was given to us by God to teach us to grow gradually perfect, and that, like children in a school, we are all pressing forwards to the same hope and aim; and the troubles we have to bear, and the temptations we have to fight against, are really meant to make us holy, just as the hard lessons in our school-days are meant to make us wise. The thought of how he had failed in his school lessons made him feel great pity for those people who were weak and fell into sin; and he used to be glad to think that some time a chance would come for even them to grow strong and good; so that everything was for the best, and would end well for all. But to himself he used to say when he had failed in any way: 'If other people had the same impulses to good as you have, they would certainly have acted better.'

I must tell you about one thing that caused him trouble before he left Leipsig. Not long after Rabenhorst went, a new apprentice, named Nessig, came to live at the bookseller's house. He was a merry, clever youth, who amused every one by his lively talk; and Frederich found that he, with his quieter ways and rather silent

manner, was often unnoticed and left on one side, while even his old friend Frederica seemed to forsake him for a time to laugh and talk with Nessig. Here was just one of the lessons which the philosophy of books and his own thoughts had taught Frederich that he was here on earth to learn. He felt cross, and as if he would like to do Nessig some ill turn. It was hard work to overcome this jealous feeling; but what was the use of all his good thoughts, if he did not carry them out in deeds? There was nothing for it but overcoming his ill-will, doing some kindness to Nessig the first time he had a chance, and trying to make a friend of him and rejoice in his good fortune. A kind act done to a person towards whom we feel unkindly soon changes our feelings, and Frederich and Nessig soon became friends. When he left Leipsig, he was glad to think that Frederica still had some one near her who could help her in her troubles, and he told Nessig of many little ways in which he might be able to be of use and comfort to her.

In 1793, at Easter, Frederich left Leipsig with Mr. Hoffman in his travelling carriage. The journey to Hamburg was a longer one than he had yet made. The fresh spring tints by day, and the moonlight nights, gave him great delight. When they came to the country which is watered by the river Elbe, it seemed like one large garden to him, after the smoky grass and town-grown trees to which he had been accustomed in Leipsig. They were ferried in a large boat across the mouth of the Elbe, and after a little more travelling

found themselves in the beautiful town of Hamburg. A clear, wide river flowed through the middle of its streets. Close to the town was pretty country, through which the Elbe wound among meadows and under shady trees, till it was lost in the great North Sea which lay not very far away. 'It was something to feel this country at hand, even if he had no time to visit it,' thought Frederich.

Certainly he had not many leisure hours. The bookseller's shop was not closed till nine o'clock in the evening, and once a week they were obliged to sit up half the night. But sometimes there were holidays given to them, and then Frederich, with young companions of whom he found a large number, used to go sailing down the river Elbe, singing and enjoying the sunshine and the rippling of the waves.

The German people have many more pleasures of this kind than we English people have, and in Hamburg it was the custom to spend holiday hours in the open air. To Frederich at first it was very delightful to find himself among young people, for he had had few companions of his own age since his school-days were over. With flags flying, amid laughter and joking, the merry party used to spend some hours in a boat on the river, finding pleasant shady nooks where they could land to picnic on the grass, and return in the cool of the evening to Hamburg. The summer passed quickly away, and for the time, philosophy and French and English grammars had less attention than when he lived at Leipsig.

It was not strange, however, that Frederich, who had been used to the society of wise books and grave thoughts, grew weary of the endless joking and merriment of his new companions, and began to wish for more earnest and sober friends. It seemed to him a waste of the precious leisure hours to spend them thus, when he was so ignorant and there lay so much before him to be learned. The young girls, who appeared at first so charming, cared for nothing but laughter and foolish talk; and he could not help thinking how much better it would be if they would use the influence they possessed for some higher and better aim, and cared sometimes to be in earnest, and to lead those who talked and laughed with them to be in earnest too.

Frederich still wrote long letters, as he had always done, to his uncle and aunt, and told them all that happened to him. They were very glad at length to hear from him that he had found three friends in Hamburg who were all he wished his friends to be. They were about his own age, between twenty and twenty-five years old; but they had had more time and opportunity than himself for reading, and they were cleverer and wiser than he. They liked him, however, when they saw what he was wishing to become, and how eager he was to improve himself, and to learn all he could from books and the experience of other people. They had another reason, too, for liking him, and for wishing to make a friend of him; a reason which made them say to one another, 'Though he is small and slender, and

looks like a boy, after all little Perthes has the most manly spirit of us all.' Can you guess why they said this? The fact was they had two or three times seen how strong his will for goodness and right action was, and how it gave him power even over rough men when they were doing wrong, and over stubborn determined people who tried to tempt him to be less truthful or less honest than he knew he ought to be.

These three friends were a great contrast to the giddy boys and girls who invited him to their pleasure parties down the Elbe. Frederich was grateful for their invitation; but he never regretted the loss of the pleasant sail and the music and the merry picnic dinner, when he spent his leisure hours in more sober talk with his wiser friends, or in reading books which should make him a better companion for them. These holiday hours, however, were few and far between, and Frederich felt each day more and more that his time must be given to his business, and that he could make very little progress in study. He used to console himself by the hope that some time in years to come, when he had worked long and hard, perhaps he might go to live in some quiet country place, and, surrounding himself with books, read to his heart's content. But that was only a dream. Meanwhile he must live in the busy present, and his life became, as you will hear, more full of interests and cares.

After he had been three years in Hamburg, the notion came to him, that as he now knew the book-selling trade well, if he could begin a business of his

own, he should be in a more useful and better position than when serving other masters, as he was doing at present. But he was very poor, as you know, and his relations had no money to lend him. How could this be done? It was a question he often asked himself. You shall hear how he managed it.

In the first place, it was no longer needful, as was once the case, for a bookseller to spend a large sum of money in filling his shop with a number of books that perhaps he might never be able to sell again. Publishers in Germany were willing to trust an honest bookseller with a stock of volumes, to take back those he did not sell, and to pay him a certain sum for those he sold. Frederich Perthes had a good character. Every one who knew him spoke well of him, and his old master in Leipsig and his later master in Hamburg told gladly of the honest, upright way in which he had served them. Publishers were therefore willing to trust him with their books, and some rich men in Hamburg offered to lend him money, which he could repay to them when his business began to succeed. His old friend Nessig, about whom you have heard at Leipsig, became his partner, a young Hamburg merchant joined them, and they opened a bookseller's shop in the town, which was filled with the best and choicest books.

It was an anxious, busy time for Frederich when he was opening this new business, and you will think he had not many holidays to spend either in sailing down the Elbe or with his three friends; for there were

journeys which must be made to different publishers, and book-fairs to attend, so that he was often obliged to be much away from Hamburg. Still he had often spoken of his hopes and aims, and if his friends could not help him, he knew that they were wishing him success.

Of course, one of his designs in beginning this business of his own was to make money and a place for himself in the world. Every young man wishes to do that. But he had another hope, which was much stronger. You must know that while he was an apprentice, he had learned a great deal about the character of the people in the towns to which his master sent their books. He had observed that in the towns where there was no bookseller's shop—and there were many such places then in Germany—the inhabitants had very little love for reading. He observed, too, that in towns which had a bookseller, if the bookseller was a wise and educated man, good, first-class books were bought; but if he were a man of low tastes, and ignorant, then bad, worthless books only were bought. This discovery made him think how much influence a bookseller might have upon the German people, and made him wish above all things to be wise in choosing books, and to spread among them only those that were really good. 'Germany is full of wretched, bad books,' he said one day; 'it will never be improved till booksellers care for something better than gold.'

But he was not content to wait idly for the coming of that distant time. 'Rather,' thus he wrote to a

friend, 'let us first see we are ourselves what we ought to be; let us also increase our knowledge, and try as much as possible to win for our opinions friends and advocates among the young people of our own standing, and to spread a high tone in our own circle. If we persevere, and if God help us, what may we not accomplish? what good may we not be the means of bringing about?' No wonder his friends wished him success, and said, 'Little Perthes has a manly spirit.' He was young and poor, but he did not say to himself, 'I shall have more influence when I am older; it will be time enough then to try to mend the world.' Instead of that, he began just where he was; and surely there is as good a work for any one of us to-day, as for Frederich Perthes seventy years ago. For our own land is full of ignorance and sin. We may be young and ignorant, but who knows what good any one of us, with God's help, may bring about, if we first try to make ourselves what we ought to be, and then to spread around us only good examples and right thoughts!

Old friends became no less dear to Frederich as time passed by and brought him many new ones. Far from this being the case, they seemed to grow each year dearer, for, like every other quality, our power of loving increases with use, and it is a true saying that 'the more we love, the more we may love.' His old home at Rudolfstadt, his Schwartzburg uncle, and all whom he had cared for in his boyish days, became more precious to him. Thus, too, he thought of Frederica, and remembered the friendly hours they had passed

together, her sympathy when he was ill and home-sick, and the unhappy home in which she lived. He had seen her again in her father's house in his recent visit to the book-fair at Leipsig, and found her unchanged; and now that he had a home and a business of his own, he longed to make her happy and to remove her from the troubles which made her life so sad. Frederica had a friendly feeling for her old friend, but she could not do as he wished. Let us hope that she found happiness in caring for her little brothers and sisters, and in knowing that her father would have missed her sadly if she had gone to another home. You will not hear anything more of Frederica. Her decision gave Frederich great sorrow at first. He felt inclined to lose all interest in his work, and to be gloomy and idle; but good resolutions came to his aid. He fought against the temptation, and finding how contented he became in doing the duties that God sent, learned to trust that a similar life would make her happier too than he could ever have made her.

Now we must leave Frederich Perthes for a time, working with all his might to make himself wiser and better, and to spread good thoughts and good books abroad in Germany. By degrees the way seemed to open for him to do this; but for a long time great patience was required, and for the first two years so little profit was gained that his partners withdrew from the business, in the belief that it could never be made to succeed. Frederich worked for a time alone, and then a new partner named Besser joined him, with hopes

and aims like his own. Publishers gladly sent books to those hard-working, earnest young men, and many families far out in the country, or in towns which possessed no bookseller, arranged that Frederich should choose books for them and keep them supplied throughout the year.

Three miles from Hamburg, in the village of Wandsbeck, lived a family of the name of Claudius. The father was the editor of a paper called the *Wandsbeck Messenger*, and he cared for books and the thoughts of wise men, and taught his children to care for them also. This was a very happy family, for they all loved each other dearly, and lived quiet, useful lives. The children found all their happiness at home, and never wanted to seek pleasure in picnics and excursions, or in anything more than their daily lives brought to them. I do not know that they ever went from home. They were never idle, and never wearied of each other; and the work and interests of every day never seemed to lose their charm and freshness.

I daresay the young people of Hamburg, who delighted to spend so much time in the merry parties on the Elbe, used to wonder how these children managed to be happy without any of the pleasures that seemed so needful to themselves. Very likely they would have found it difficult to understand the joy they had been taught to find within their own souls in mere doing of the duty of each day.

In the year 1796 Frederich Perthes spent Christmas Eve with Mr. Claudius and his family at a friend's

house at Hamburg. Christmas Eve in Germany is always a time of great rejoicing, and on this night they had merry games and a splendid Christmas tree, from the branches of which hung lighted tapers and gilded apples, and many presents. You know by this time how Frederich cared for what was good and beautiful in the characters of the people whom he knew. It is no wonder, therefore, that as he watched this family he thought he should like to know them better. It is to be feared that some other children that night liked to be first in the games, and tried for best places near the tree. One could not help seeing how differently *these* children acted, and Frederich noticed that the eldest daughter Caroline, unobserved by others, exchanged with her youngest sister the presents they had received from the tree, because the little one's was less beautiful than her own. It was only a small action, but life is made up of little things; and as a straw shows the way the stream flows, so a small deed or word will show what spirit we are of.

After this, Frederich often used to go out to Wandsbeck when his day's work was done, and before many months were over they had all become dear friends to him and he as dear a friend to them; and Caroline and he had agreed to try to make another home in Hamburg as peaceful and happy as her own home in her father's house had been. She wrote to a friend to tell her of her happiness, and said: 'My Perthes is a good man, who does not think himself yet all he might be, but who knows and feels that he is not yet perfect. I think,

therefore, that he and I may make common cause, and with God's help make progress.

On the 2d of August 1797 they were married, and Caroline entered on her untried life in Hamburg. People cannot live together without influencing each other. It may be in words, or it may be that silently, but even more powerfully, our characters make themselves felt by the people with whom we come in contact. So this husband and wife influenced each other, and it was always towards being nobler and better than before. In the midst of all his hard work and constant activity, it was good for Frederich to watch the quiet, peaceful character of the woman he loved so much, and learn that its beauty arose from the grace and peace of God within. For her, too, there was a lesson to be learned. In her country home she had been far removed from the haste and the excitement of a busy life. Now, in Hamburg, all was changed; and she often felt sorrow and perplexity, and feared that she was losing the hidden peace of God which had made her so happy in her former quiet life. Frederich helped her to discover that we are not meant to withdraw from the world, but rather to help to make it better, and that, while we try to help our fellow-men, God will guard our peace of heart so long as we never lose our love and trust in Him. Thus it was that as time passed on, and her household cares increased, and there were many calls upon her sympathy by people outside her home, and her children needed her thought and care, that in this work, which she did from love to God, she

found inward happiness and peace, and learned to be calm and unruffled when great troubles came, and she was threatened with the loss of family and friends.

For nine or ten years everything prospered with Frederich Perthes and his family. The bookselling business flourished, and it was not only to Germany that good books went out from the warehouse in Hamburg. Frederich and his partner were beginning to find that publishers of other nations were willing to send their books to Germany through them, and that they could send German books to England, Italy, and France. This was a grand way of uniting different people who at that time knew little of each other's thoughts and ways. His home in Hamburg became a meeting-place for wise, earnest men from distant homes, and, as he travelled on his business journeys, he made friends among Protestants and Roman Catholics, and men of other languages and faiths. One thing only seemed to him needful for all men—difference of creed was a small matter, if men were only in earnest and strove after the love of God.

Six little children, Agnes, Matthew, Louisa, Matilda, John, and Dorothea, gladdened the house, and grew up together happily and lovingly as their mother and her brothers and sisters had done at Wandsbeck. Their first trouble came when the baby Dorothea died. 'Dear mother,' wrote Caroline then, 'God has taken my angel calmly and gently to Himself; I thank our heavenly Father that He has heard my prayer and

taken our darling child without pain. She looks so peaceful that we must be so too.'

So they bore their loss patiently, and the days passed gently on, till terrible news came like a thunder-clap on this peaceful time. You remember how, just before Frederich Perthes was born, the Seven Years' War had ended, and left want and disease behind it in the land. The people of Europe had not yet learned to shun the horrors of war, and a fresh series of terrible battles began, when Napoleon Buonaparte, of whom you have often heard, sought to add other lands to France, of which he was the ruler. At the beginning of this nineteenth century he had conquered Italy, and was making preparations to conquer Germany too. The battle of Jena was fought, and when they had gained the victory, the French soldiers spread themselves through the country, and homes were broken up, and orphan children cast on the world, and misery and want were everywhere.

Still Hamburg was free; but Frederich Perthes could not rest happily in his own home when other homes were desolate. Wherever Napoleon's power reached, all freedom was lost. There was an end to the hope of spreading knowledge among the people, and of uniting all nations by means of the interchange of books and thoughts; for tyrants always fear free speech, and Napoleon forbade the sale of literature, and put an end to trade, and every means for uniting and strengthening people, and making them earnest to be free. Frederich Perthes dearly loved his wife, and family, and friends; but his love did not end there. It

spread out to the town in which he lived, and beyond that to his native land. It was terrible to him to think of his countrymen, crushed by the Emperor's power, with no chance of growing wise and noble; and, fearless of consequences to himself, he tried to waken a longing for unity in the country, and warned all whom he could reach, that 'young and old, rich and poor, strong and weak, all who love the Fatherland, freedom, law and order, must now act together.'

To him it appeared that, horrible as it was, war must come, and that the highest duty was to cast aside all thought of self and happiness, and give up life even for the sake of the land he loved. The histories of nations and the lives of men we have to take as we find them, and all right motives we must respect. There was no love of conquest in Frederich Perthes' mind, no notion that it was brave to take a fellow-creature's life. War was altogether terrible to him, and he was eager to sacrifice himself for his fellow-men; but there was something beyond this which he had not reached. It is right for a man's love to go out beyond his family to his town and native land; but it should reach out farther still, and lead him to see that all nations are brethren, children of one Father. When that time comes, disputes and wars must cease. Meanwhile, we must take things as we find them, and remember that there is a soul of truth and goodness in all men who act up to the light they have.

A year after the battle of Jena, the French marched into Hamburg. Twelve French soldiers were quartered

in the house of Frederich Perthes, all trade was stopped, and intercourse with England forbidden on pain of death. In consequence of the French regulations, many houses of business failed, and Perthes lost in this way, through the failure of others, so much money, that the savings of the past ten years were swept away. Still he did not lose his courage; his own losses seemed a very slight matter to him, and he remained true to the belief he had gained when a boy, that everything that happens will end for the best. 'God is guiding us,' he wrote to a friend, 'into a new order of things by paths of trouble and distress. The game cannot be played backwards, it must go forwards. The actors in the great play are playing their parts, but behind the scenes is the great Invisible Director, God, who is a comfort and support for us poor spectators, whose lot is bad enough. Every other support is giving way, in order that we may learn to trust in God.'

You can fancy those were dreary times for the little children, when they saw their father and mother so anxious about the future of their country. They were still more sad when John, the second brother, died, and the new baby who came soon after could not make up for the loss of their old play-fellow. You will be glad to hear that the bright, warm, summer weather brought a great pleasure for them, and with it rest and change.

Nearly twenty years had passed since the happy time when Frederich Perthes used to spend his holidays at

Schwartzburg Castle with his uncle, John Heubel; and now, at the urgent wish of the old man, he went with his wife and children to see again all that was so dear to him there. The long journey was a great treat, and when they came within sight of the beautiful Thuringian mountains, of which they had heard so often, their joy increased. The husband and wife left the carriage when the steep road wound up among the pine trees, and walked silently together, listening to the roar of the river, and gazing at the sharp crags above them standing out clearly against the morning sky. At a turn of the road the old uncle met them, and, in the German fashion, fell upon his nephew's neck, whom he remembered only as the 'little Fritz.' You must picture to yourselves his delight over the wife and children, and fancy them all gathered for breakfast on a flat rock beneath the trees, listening to tales which he seemed never tired of telling of the walks and adventures he and the boy had had so many years before.

During the visit, Frederich and Caroline cast aside their anxiety, and were as light-hearted as their children. By day, they all rambled together through the woods, and in the evening, when they had watched the sunset from the castle, and the little ones had gone to bed, the elders talked in the twilight of the years that were gone, and of the prospects of the years to come. This happy time passed quickly, and then returning by Gotha, to stay for a few days with an uncle who was a bookseller there, they came back to Hamburg.

Frederich Perthes went back to his work refreshed by the holiday and the sight of his old friends, but he found gloom and sadness awaiting him. Hamburg was full of French spies; accounts were daily arriving of fresh conquests; and the people were losing all hope that their country could ever be free and happy again. The publication of a newspaper which he had set on foot was forbidden; and this was a wide-spread loss, for it contained each week the earnest, wise thoughts of many men, who tried with Frederich Perthes to spread a good spirit through the land. It had also become a matter of great difficulty to obtain any book ordered by his customers. It seemed hopeless to fight against so many difficulties. What was the use of trying to keep alive any love of truth and knowledge, when the French were masters, and were using threats and even violence to prevent such efforts? Should he not give it all up, he asked himself, leave his own land to do as she could, and go with his family to England, where he knew peace and a better trade awaited him? We may speak now in few words of the wearing anxiety of that time; but it is difficult to realize how great it really was, and to imagine how tempting this chance of safety and peace in England for himself and his family must have been. But, true to his belief that his love ought to spread out from his home and embrace his countrymen, he determined rather to throw in his lot with theirs, and work his hardest in faith to help on better things.

While Hamburg and other towns were being guarded

by the French, Napoleon and his army were carrying the war farther into Russia. Each day news was expected that he had taken the Russian city Moscow, when suddenly different tidings came. The French army had been driven from the city, and hundreds of French soldiers, worn out with a hasty retreat from the pursuing Russians, had fallen on the line of march, and were left to die among the snow far from home and friends. Quiet dwellers at Hamburg were startled after this news arrived by the confusion and tumult in the town, for the citizens armed themselves, rose against the French, and, with the hope of Russian help, were driving the French out of Hamburg.

'Ah!' said Caroline Perthes, as she watched the crowds gathered together in the evening when the struggle was over, and saw them moved with the feeling of rejoicing and of welcome to the Russians, 'never have I seen such a union of hearts—the feeling of thousands centred in one principle. If we could only centre ourselves in God, the best point of all, what a glorious Church we should form!'

Hamburg slept quietly that night without sentinel and guard; but such a peaceful state of things was not to last.

Before many days had passed, the French returned and laid siege to the city. Day and night, for nearly a month, the noise of cannon was to be heard; every man was armed, and women and little children waited in fear to hear that some one dear to them was killed. For twenty-one nights Frederich Perthes never lay

down in bed. He was constantly to be seen among the people, quieting their fears; and sentinels at distant posts, who began to think themselves forgotten in the general alarm, gained courage from the words of the calm man who had no fear, when every one else was in dismay. His wife and four children, who would not leave their mother, were in Hamburg; she, like a brave woman, forgot her own fears in caring for other people. Sacks of straw to rest the weary were spread over the floors of the house, and food was always ready for any hungry man who might come in; but whenever the steady tramp of feet sounded in the street, she knew the wounded were being carried past, and hurried to the balcony to see if her husband might be among them.

At length the day came when Frederich Perthes could be of no more use, for the city must be given up to the French. He escaped with his wife and children, first to Wandsbeck, where two little ones were safe with their grandmother, and then to a lonely cottage on the shore of the Baltic Sea, which was offered to them as a refuge by one of his friends. His house was plundered by the French, his books and papers dispersed, and a large sum was offered to any one who would find and deliver him up to death. You can fancy the homeless family arriving in the twilight at the low, damp, empty house. Gloomy pine-trees surrounded it, and they could hear the beating of the waves on the beach, and the moaning of the wind as it reached them from the Baltic Sea. For a short time, the father, mother, and children lived here together, with an old faithful servant

and one of Caroline Perthes' sisters. Frederich Perthes was busied each day till late at night in looking into his business affairs. It troubled him much to think that possibly this stoppage of his business might bring loss to other people, and he never rested until he had formed plans by which all to whom he owed money should be paid, though it left him in great doubt how he should provide even necessaries for his wife and children while this evil time should last.

Aschau, his present refuge, belonged to Denmark, and very soon he received notice that if the French demanded him, the Government would have no power to refuse to give him up. It was a sad parting that took place beneath the gloomy pine-trees, when he once more set out as a wanderer, and this time alone. The prospect was open to him still of a safe home in England. Doubtless he and Caroline both pictured to themselves the welcome rest in some quiet place far away from this danger and trouble, and the certain livelihood that awaited them if they would turn from this poverty and ruined trade; but however tempting the picture might be was of no consequence to them, for they believed that God had still work for them in their native land.

I think you will like to know the kind of life the little family led in their lonely house. The dwelling was built without storeys, and the windows opened without shutters to the ground. The kitchen, which contained only four pots, a bowl, and a few plates, was forty paces distant from the house. In the rainy

season the rooms were very damp, and Caroline and her children were often ill, with no doctor's advice within a long distance. For eighteen weeks they had neither white bread nor meat, and the coarse black bread and other food could only be obtained after a walk of several miles. The eldest boy used to go at seven o'clock each morning a long distance through dreary country, to be taught with the sons of the Count Reventlow, to whom this summer-house belonged. The other children helped their mother and aunt in the house, and learned lessons better than those which the books they did not possess could have taught them.

It was weary work for Caroline to wait and hope for letters, which in that time of war were sent by hand, and often lost upon the way. For two months she could hear nothing of her husband; and for them all, nothing remained but prayer and patient waiting for the end. Sometimes in this life the hardest thing we have to do is to wait and trust. It was easier for Frederich Perthes to bear the anxiety he felt when he had the constant work to occupy him, about which you will soon hear; but still he was very sad, and the sight of little children used to fill his eyes with tears in the longing for his own so far away. His brave wife tried to cheer him in her letters, and, in the midst of her sufferings, told him how she struggled to keep heart and fancy, thought and yearning, under control. 'God is my witness, who is more to me than even you are, that though I suffer inexpressibly, I do not wish you to do anything but

your duty.' The chance letters that reached her told how Frederich was needed in Germany. The 'war of the German patriots' had begun, and the German people, aided by other nations, were in constant conflicts with the French. Frederich Perthes' work was to go from town to town carrying help to the widows and orphans, whom the war had left without home and friends, and who had fled thither for refuge from the enemy. Large sums of money were sent to him from England as well as by German people, and the great trust was placed in his hands of using this wealth rightly to lessen the misery which was so widely spread. He kept careful accounts of all he received and spent; and in addition to this work, he gained great influence over the young men who were enrolled as soldiers for the war. They saw how he never shrank from hardships and danger, and, trusting in his courage, they learned to trust too his earnest words when he warned them from the temptations to evil, in their reckless, often idle, lives.

People are sometimes tempted, when they hear of generous gifts and self-denying labours in time of war, to think lightly of its horrors, and fancy it cannot be *altogether* hateful if it brings forth such good feeling and action. They forget that in peaceful times too there are always poor and sorrowful people, who need our help, and that we may always find endless opportunities for showing our sympathy and love; and they lose sight, in gazing at these brighter pictures, of the terrible passions and cruel selfishness which war never fails to

awaken among men. Probably the people of Hamburg had only one thought of war. To them it must have been altogether horrible, when in the bitter winter cold the French general, Davoust, who was in possession of the town, drove out 20,000 helpless people into the snow-covered plains outside, and set fire to the hospital, while the drunken soldiers fought for the clothing and bedding of the sick. For many nights the sky was red with the glare of burning villages, and starving, broken-hearted women and children wandered among the ruins of their homes for miles round Hamburg, and bands of outcasts were to be seen traversing the bleak country in search of help and refuge.

There was plenty of work for Frederich Perthes, and other men such as he, in those fearful days. When on two occasions he made hurried secret visits to his wife, he once found a new-born baby in her arms, and at the other time a little one lying dead, yet they allowed themselves only four or five hours together. Then he returned to his work, and she to her patient watch.

Travelling from one town to another, providing food and clothing for the outcasts from the towns occupied by the French, and visiting the wounded in hospitals, he took no rest until illness confined him to bed for nine weeks. It was then discovered that for a fortnight he had been undergoing the great pain of a broken bone in his foot. Greatly thankful to have him with her again, his wife nursed him at a friend's house in the Danish town of Kiel, where it was then safe for him to live. News came to them each day of the retreat of

the French, and at last of the possession of Paris by the allied armies. By the time Frederich Perthes was well enough to be moved, their house in Hamburg was free for them again.

In May 1814, on a spring day never to be forgotten, they watched the white banners floating from the towers of Hamburg, and the long procession of people streaming back into the town. Green branches, which they had broken from the trees as they passed through the country lanes, were waving in their hands, and shouts of joy were heard on every side. But it was a sad sight too, for the travellers were worn and ragged, and had few goods to call their own, and the old homes of which they came in search were empty and desolate, often only a heap of tottering walls. In the meadows near at hand, more than one thousand lay buried of those grey-haired men and women, and feeble little children, who had been driven in the winter from the town and had perished in the snow. Everywhere there was hunger and want, and many orphan children, whose parents had died in the hospitals of other towns, were brought to Frederich Perthes' door. His own house was filled with rubbish and was blackened with smoke, and all the wood-work was burnt, while the floors were a foot thick with dirt and mud. Furniture had to be replaced; but there was little money or time for such a purpose, when hundreds of sufferers on all sides were praying for help.

Ceaseless activity was needful. There were houses to be rebuilt, workmen's tools to be replaced, and ruined shopkeepers to be helped into trade again. Money was

not wanting to provide for these needs. The distress in Hamburg had awakened general pity, and the task of dispensing the relief fell to Frederich Perthes, whom every one could trust. There were no homes in the town that sad summer where he was unknown; and in addition to gifts of food and clothing, the people of Hamburg owed greater blessings to him. In his visits to their wretched houses he found something besides mere physical comfort was wanting. Doubt and ignorance were wide-spread, the Bible could only be obtained at a high price, and was unknown among the poor, and there were few to speak to them of trust in God. By his efforts a Bible society was founded, and the first meeting took place at his house. This was not enough, however. He knew that the mere reading of the Bible was not all that was required. Good men joined with him to collect subscriptions and then to establish schools. They went up and down through the city streets and among the ignorant little children tending cattle in the fields, and before long seven hundred boys and girls were in their charge. Women of Hamburg with time and money at their command caught their spirit; and those who visit Hamburg now can see in the many schools and societies established there the results of the work which was thus begun.

In addition to all this labour, his own family must be supported and his ruined book-trade renewed. All his customers were dispersed, and the books scattered by the French must be restored. He and his partner sent out a circular, and set to work to get a fresh business

together, and toiled bravely with the same high aim they exhibited before. It was wonderful to see how the aspect of affairs changed before winter set in, and how hope and happiness took the place of despair and grief.

Yet however earnestly men may work in the present, they must always reap the fruit of actions done in the past. Nothing could be again exactly as it would have been if the war had never taken place, and Frederich Perthes felt this in his own home. Anxiety, as well as the damp and hard work borne at Aschau, had told upon his wife, and brought upon her a heart complaint and much weakness and suffering. The old people at Wandsbeck, too, her father and mother, had suffered greatly. They had been driven from the home where they had lived fifty years to seek a shelter elsewhere, and in cold and want had occupied one wretched little room until the war was over. Then their daughter and her husband would not permit them to return to Wandsbeck, but the Hamburg home received them, and they were lovingly cheered and nursed for the few months that remained till the old man died peacefully at the age of seventy-four.

The story of the next seven years can be quickly told. For Frederich Perthes it was a life of hard work and frequent long business journeys. To both him and his wife it was a great trial that they were obliged to spend so much time apart. 'There is nothing I can do but love him,' she wrote to a friend, 'and bear him ever in my heart till it shall please God to bring us to some region where we shall no longer need house or house-

keeping, and where there are neither bills to be paid nor books to be kept.' Illness obliged her to lead a quiet life, sometimes spending sunny days with her mother in the garden at Wandsbeck.

One by one her children were leaving her. Some of her daughters married, and her sons went out into the world; still, by her constant letters, she seemed almost as near to them as she was to the little ones at home. Some of these letters have been preserved, and they show us how, when ill health prevented active work, her gentle influence did not cease to make itself felt. All the lessons and experience she had learned in her past life were now helpful to her children. Perhaps she remembered how, when she had first married, the *trifling* interests and cares of her busy life seemed harassing and wearing; for she often mentioned the *little things* which form our work in life, and the small troubles and perplexities which may increase our faith and love.

'It refreshes my spirit,' one of her letters said, 'to hear that, like me, you are seeking and finding God in many things that seem small and trivial, but do really gently stir and gladden our hearts all the day long. I can't say much about them; but I can thank God, and long for more. Let us only be faithful and earnest in little things, and perhaps in heaven greater things may be committed to us.'

Now and then, for some festival, children and grandchildren gathered together in the old Hamburg home, and those were happy occasions for the father and

mother. One day in August 1821 Frederich Perthes wrote to his absent children to tell them that their mother's illness had greatly increased; and that same evening she died so suddenly, that there was no time for farewells to those who stood around her bed.

Twenty-five years had passed since the evening when they had first met, and the love of the husband and wife had grown stronger every year. Two or three children had been removed by death, and now that their mother had followed them, Frederich Perthes felt surely that there was another home preparing for them all in heaven. But the house was terribly sad and dreary, and it almost broke his heart to see the little ones seeking for their mother everywhere, and to hear their sobs when she was nowhere to be found. He had long planned to resign the Hamburg business to his partner; and by the next spring he and the children had left the home which now seemed so lonely to them, and he had begun a new publishing business at Gotha, where three of his married daughters lived.

To the children Gotha seemed a wonderful place. It was a strange little town in those days, and notwithstanding all the learned men who lived there, and who were always seeking new ideas, it had retained many curious customs from old times. At night, the little ones were wakened from their sleep by the loud horn of the watchman as he went his rounds through the town; and they used to start up to listen for the tramp of his footsteps and to the words he said as he passed along the street:

'Put out fire and put out light,
That no evil chance to-night;
And praise we God the Lord.'

On market-days they liked to watch the gaily dressed peasants from the Thuringian hills filling the town-hall square; and sometimes they were taken to buy eggs and butter from them there, and to see the strange wooden figure on the town hall, which opened and shut its mouth when the clock struck the hour. Poor students used to wander singing through the town, or to stand in groups outside some rich man's door, earning money by their part-songs to pay their college fees. Several times a month, peaceful tradesmen of the town, in long white cloaks, with heavy swords and spurs, used to stalk fiercely up and down the place, in imitation of the ancient guards that years before were always at their posts.

It was in this quaint town that Frederich Perthes at fifty years of age began his new business, by means of which he hoped to increase the sale of good and useful books, and also to have it in his power to help on young authors who were as poor as he had been when he first set out in life. His history tells us how earnestly he threw his whole heart into his work, and how it was his great desire by means of the book trade to make the Germans, who had been torn and divided by war, into a united and wisdom-loving people. His countrymen had to thank him for many religious books which were published at this time; and it must have been a happiness to him to think, as he sat in his own

well-filled library, that the Bible was now finding its way into the poorest houses. But in both work and rest he sadly missed at every turn the dear companionship and counsel of his wife; and though his children loved him fondly, and did all to comfort him that was in their power, they could not prevent the loneliness he felt. Mrs. Claudius was much grieved to see this when she came from Wandsbeck to stay for some time with him after he had removed to Gotha. She told him how earnestly she hoped he would in course of time find some loving woman whom he could make as happy as her daughter Caroline had been, and who would be a companion to him and a second mother to his little children. Frederich did not believe this possible; but the good Providence that leads us all to happiness brought him into the way of comfort and fresh hopes.

In the next house to himself lived a widow lady named Charlotte Becker, with her four little children. She had had heavy troubles, and they had left their marks upon her countenance; but yet she was always cheerful, and no one could help admiring the loving way in which she taught her children, and watched over and nursed the two younger ones, who had been invalids from their birth. Frederich Perthes, as you know, was always quick to see worth and goodness in the characters of the people whom he knew. He saw them in this faithful mother, who made her children and home duties her first thought. Perhaps, too, the knowledge that they had suffered a similar loss drew

them together. However it might be, there was nothing but rejoicing among their friends, when in four or five years' time these two lonely people agreed to love and care for one another, and they and the seven children made one happy home together.

In course of time, Frederich Perthes became very ill, and change of air and rest were recommended to him. It was needful he should leave the town during the hot summer, and pleasant country was to be found not far from Gotha. Nine miles away, in a lovely valley which leads up among the Thuringian hills, lies the little village of Friedrichroda. Fine old fir-trees surround it, and a winding road leads past it up to mountain lakes and grand views of distant mountain peaks. Here, loving the country more than ever as he grew older, he found a house, and came to it with his family in the summer of 1837, and occupied it each summer for five or six years afterwards, when the days were long and warm. A few steps only from the house door lay a portion of the great Black Forest, which covers so much of the central part of Germany. Shade is to be found there on the hottest days, and countless winding paths lead through mossy dells and thickly wooded glades to sunny open spaces in the midst of forest land, where wild deer congregate, and where, morning and evening, the sun casts long shadows on the turf, and tinges the stems of the neighbouring fir-trees with a ruddy glow. The woodmen, meeting Frederich Perthes in these forest paths, used to wonder at first what brought any one there who had neither a

woodman's axe nor a hunter's horn. To them, the forest was a place where they earned their daily bread, where they cut down the tall trees, and sent them floating down the river Neckar, to be used by builders and carpenters in busy towns which they themselves had never seen. But Frederich Perthes, with his wide sympathy, knew well how to interest with his words these ignorant forest people, and they soon began to greet him gladly, and welcome him wherever he went. As a proof of their respect, they gave him the freedom of their little town of Friedrichroda, a gift bringing no practical advantages with it, but the dearest to him of the many honours he received.

While he was thus spending his time in a busy life at Gotha in the winter, and among the forest beauties in summer, many of the old friends of his earlier years were passing away from the earth. Among these were the dear old uncle and aunt who had adopted him when a child, and the still dearer Uncle John Heubel, who had all lived together at Schwartzburg Castle. Both at Gotha and at Friedrichroda he was only a short distance from the old people, and often managed to visit them, riding through storm and snow to Schwartzburg at appointed times. It is easy to guess how these visits must have cheered them, as they waited, feeling themselves almost the last of their generation, for the summons to depart. After one of these visits, old John Heubel wrote: 'I thank you, dear Fritz, for all your love. You love me now just as you did sixty years ago, when you used to ride upon my knee. This

consciousness is ever with me in my solitude, and I thank you for it.' One by one the old people died, and when the last had departed, Frederich Perthes said: 'Schwartzburg is now desolate; the playground of my childhood is no more. The family is now dispersed. So goes the world. Who can suppose that this is our home?'

Yet there was no lasting melancholy in his mind; he was always full of hopefulness and content. On Saturdays and Sundays his house was cheerful with the voices of happy children, who filled it from roof to cellar; and he loved to show strangers his favourite forest paths, and take them to the lonely lakes and mountain views; for at seventy years of age he could still walk for hours over hill and dale. He was very thankful, too, that his eyes remained strong and keen. He could read for eight or ten hours at a time without weariness. 'God be praised for this,' he wrote to his sister-in-law, Augusta Claudius. 'I can understand everything said to myself, but general conversation escapes me. I comfort myself with the thought that I have heard enough; but I am sorry to lose the prattle of my little girls among themselves. A certain inward feeling tells me that my life will not last more than two or three years. I have long fought the battle of life. I scarcely dare hope for the crown of life; but I know that the prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner," will be accepted of God.'

His forebodings were correct. The summer of 1843 was the last he spent at Friedrichroda. In Gotha, that

year, the members of his family gathered from long distances to spend Christmas day with him. Within a week afterwards, illness attacked him, and before the end of March he was too exhausted to leave his room. It was hard for one who had been so active and strong to bear those months of powerlessness patiently; but no one ever heard him murmur, or saw him even for a moment irritable. On the twenty-first of April 1844, he was seventy-one years of age. For the last time his friends assembled in his room. On tip-toe the little ones came in, full of sorrowful wonder, to see the grandfather, who had been as merry as the youngest of them, lying there so worn and still. In grief, the older ones gathered round his bed. Spring flowers filled his room, and quietly he spoke thus to them all: 'Should it be God's will that I should still spend a little more time with you, I shall do so gladly; and I should return with pleasure to my dear Friedrichroda, but this may not be. A rich life lies behind me. I have indeed had my trying days and hours, but God hath ever been gracious to me. Do not mourn for me when I am dead. I know that you will often long for me, and I am glad of it. I need not say to you, "Love one another," but so bring up your children that they may do so also. I die willing and calmly, and I am prepared to die, having committed myself to my God and Father. Here there is no abiding city,—we needs must part. Death cannot harm me; it must needs be gain.' He lingered for two or three weeks afterwards, and during that time his thoughts often turned to old times and

old friends, and he spoke of the children and their mother who waited for him in the better land. Sometimes, in broken sentences, he repeated a favourite hymn, and his wife, standing near him, could catch the whispered words:

'Ye loved ones, bless the Lord for me,
And wipe away your tears;
You must not weep, for I am free
From sorrow, pain, and fears.
Steer for the port where storms shall cease,
Watching with stedfast heart;
When God shall fill you with His peace,
You shall with joy depart.

'I've given myself to God, how dear
My Father and my Friend;
There is no life for ever here,
All things of earth must end.
Death has no power to harm,
'Tis welcome to my heart;
If God upholds me with His arm,
I shall with joy depart.'

He was always calm; and one of his daughters afterwards said: 'When he folded his cold hands and prayed, it was all so sublime, so blessed, we felt as if our Lord Jesus Christ were with us in the room.'

So, with his family about him, he lay one evening, while the darkness gathered round, and the silence was only broken by his prayer, 'Lord, pardon!' When lights were brought, no trace of pain was on his face. His friends forgot their grief in the knowledge of his

peace and joy. Three days after, in the early morning, they gathered round an open grave in the churchyard of Gotha. There they laid the worn-out body, and sang together the hymn he had loved to repeat in his sick-room.

The woodmen of Friedrichroda, grieving that they should see their old friend no more, erected a monument to mark his favourite walk. Far and wide through Germany sorrow was felt for his loss, and honours were heaped upon his memory.

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